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## THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme, est ce qu'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux : l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes.\*—*La Bruyère*.

It may be asserted that no country has produced so many remarkable women as France. No where, too, does the sex occupy such a prominent position or wield so potent an influence. The history of France teems with examples of women who have achieved distinction in almost every career—social, literary, political, even martial. Clotilde, Joan of Arc, Eloisa, Diana of Poitiers, Margaret of Navarre, Scudéry, Dacier, Sévigné, Ninon de l'Enclos, Montespan, Maintenon, Lafayette, Deshoulières, d'Epinay, Deffand, Roland, Corday, and in our own day, De Stael, Genlis, Recamier, Lavalette; these are but a few of the eminent female names which might be cited. A female biographical dictionary, would be constrained to draw its chief materials from France. I have often busied myself in conjecturing whence might proceed this acknowledged superiority of the sex so characteristic of a particular country. The question is one of difficult solution, since the fact must depend upon a variety of circumstances and influences, many of which are too remote, fugitive, or gradual in their operation, to be readily seized. The discussion of the problem, will, it is hoped, have more than a local interest, as it involves the various causes which promote and modify the development and formation of the female character in general.

It is an undisputed fact, that the social position and relative importance of woman, have undergone a remarkable modification since the birth of modern civilization. The attempt to account for this change, has given rise to a very interesting controversy. It has been variously attributed to the ancient manners of the German race, which peopled many of the northern and central countries of Europe; to the softening and benevolent spirit of christianity, and to the influence of feudalism or chivalry. Not rejecting, altogether, the first, and attributing much importance to the second cause, I am disposed, with many writers, to ascribe the most direct and marked effect to the last. Combined, they have essentially modified the whole system of female manners and relations. In this regard, the most cultivated and humane societies of antiquity, present a most disadvantageous contrast with modern civilization.

In the East, the cradle of the human race, where more than elsewhere society has retained its primitive stamp, from the earliest period to the present day, woman has been subjected to a state of comparative seclusion and tutelage. If the early manners of the Hebrews present a partial exception to this general remark, it was

\* A fine woman who has the qualities of a well-bred man, is the most agreeable of persons: she combines the merits of both sexes.

owing to causes peculiar and local. Among the ancients—I speak now particularly of the Greeks and Romans—the condition of woman was scarcely less humiliating, I will not say, degraded. Love, in its purest form, as practised and avowed by its most elegant votaries, was but a refinement of passion, however adorned with the graces of art and imagination. It had nothing holy or reverential in its character. It was “of the earth, earthy.” However etherialized by the poet, or sublimated by the metaphysician, its essence was not purified from the dross of sensuality. Though the flower was beautiful and fragrant, its root did not spring from the purest soil. It did not partake of that high and generous devotion which exists, I will not say without the hope, but the calculation of reward. Venus, though born of the froth of the ocean, was but the incarnation of material beauty; and Cupid, though graceful and volant, the type and personification of passion alone. The Syrian damsels mourned over the beauty of Adonis; and it was not for a saintly smile, that the enamored Leander braved the fatal waves of the Hellespont. What would a lover of that day have thought of the poet\* who transformed his mistress after death, into the personification of heavenly wisdom; or of him†, who worshipped, through long years of undying devotion, the austere virtue of the object of his hopeless affection, mingling with the passionate praises of her beauty, that unmelting purity of spirit, to render himself worthy of which, he came forth from the vulgar herd, and consecrated himself to a life of religious sanctity. Anacreon, Tibullus, Sappho, would have beheld such love with an incredulous smile, and deemed it cold, pale, and visionary, like the passion of the chaste Diana, for the sleeping Endymion. Yet what could be more earnest, heartfelt, and enduring, than the devotion of Dante to his Beatrice, or, of Petrarch to the virtuous Laura, whose every feature he has painted with a poet's pencil and a lover's enthusiasm. The metaphysical transports of Platonism, were of a character very different from this holy feeling, for woman was not deemed worthy to be the object of such “abstracted sublimities.” They were but magnificent phrases, sublime ideas, beautiful speculations. Of that classical fountain, Milton, whose spirit was austere and high, rather than tender and affectionate, had drunk deeply, and he describes the reverie of the academics, as nothing more than an intellectual exaltation, a metaphysical passion. “Thus from the laureat fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon; where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy, (the rest are cheated with a thick, intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name carries about;) and

\* Dante.

† Petrarch.

how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue—with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers; as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding; not in these noises." Such aliment is a little too thin and sublimated for mortal sustenance. The love of which I speak, is real, personal, heartfelt, but embracing the soul as well as the body, and cultivating for its object something of religious reverence.

As long as the system, described as that of the ancients, endured, female subordination and degradation were necessary consequences. Woman was not the endeared companion of man, his bosom counsellor, the yoke-fellow of his spirit, the partner of his privileges. She was but a delicate toy, an instrument of delight, at best, a favorite and indulged slave. The elevation, the emancipation of woman, is the great characteristic, the efficient cause and preservative of modern civilization. As I before observed, it is mainly to feudalism or chivalry, aided by the subduing influences of christianity, that we are indebted for this happy reformation.\*

Chivalry enjoined upon its votary a long sacrifice of personal feeling, and made him esteem the virtue of his mistress as her most adorable quality.† The true knight prided himself upon the purity and disinterestedness of his devotion; and a smile of approbation amply indemnified him for years of toil and danger. His passion

\* Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of woman, that the value of the wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities—not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully—say, for example, in the patriarchal system—in none of these did women ever attain to any thing like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal. It is to the progress, to the preponderance of domestic manners in the feudal halls and castles, that they owe this change, this improvement in their condition. The cause of this has been sought for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans, in a national respect which they are said to have borne, in the midst of their forests, to the female sex. Upon a single phrase of Tacitus, Germanic patriotism has founded a high degree of superiority—of primitive and ineffable purity of manners—in the relations between the two sexes among the Germans. Pure chimeras! Phrases like this of Tacitus—sentiments and customs analagous to those of the Germans of old, are found in the narratives of a host of writers who have seen or inquired into the manners of savage and barbarous tribes. There is nothing primitive, nothing peculiar to a certain race in this matter. It was in the effects of a very decided social situation—it was in the increase and preponderance of the domestic manners that the importance of the female sex in Europe had its rise, and the preponderance of the domestic manners in Europe, very early became an essential characteristic in the feudal system.

[Guizot, *History of Civilization in Europe*.

† "I read it in the oath of every true knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befel him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue that sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn; and if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods: only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt-spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up, both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted honor."—[Milton.

was a species of religious sentiment, and its object was almost spiritualized in his imagination. His mistress was more than a vestal in his eyes—she was an angelic being, and her earthly dwelling a shrine of adoration. The principal ridicule in the character of Don Quixotte, turns upon the exalted idea which he had formed of his Dulcinéa, whom he celebrates with an orientalism of phrase, though not of passion. Woman was the chief incentive to the prowess of the *preux chevalier*, the guardian angel of his course, the crown of his unceasing labors. We may smile at this exaggeration of sentiment and hyperbolism of language, yet much of the refinement and elevation of modern sentiment may be traced to this source. It is not necessary to dwell upon the effect of this "homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views," as Burke expresses it, to elevate woman in the social scale, to augment her relative importance and to increase the happy influence which she exerts upon man. Although the age of chivalry has long since departed, it has left many of its traces impressed upon the face of modern society, and its vocabulary of love and honor is still in vogue. The spirit of knight-errantry may have vanished, indeed, with all its romantic enterprises, yet the change which it effected in the position and estimation of woman has fortunately survived the epoch of heroic adventure.

France was, perhaps, more than any other country, the seat of these influences and changes—the land where romance exercised its greatest fascination and left its most enduring results. The purity of its sentiment subsided indeed, with the pristine simplicity of manners, and as luxury and corruption advanced, was succeeded by the less innocent commerce of gallantry. Still, however, the sex retained its position, maintained its influence, and was addressed with an enthusiasm of language and sentiment, which has left its traces to the present day. Woman was still the centre and object of heroic enterprise; feats were performed to win her approbation; life exposed in public or private encounter, to propitiate her favor or vindicate her honor: the policy of princes, the fate of provinces, the fortune of kingdoms often hung upon her nod. She every where exercised a potent sway, and nothing was undertaken in which she did not participate at least by her influence. Francis the First, after the fatal battle of Pavia, writes to his regent mother: "All is lost, save honor!" Diana of Poitiers, ruled the heart and realm of Henry the Second, with a sway attributed to the potency of magic. An Italian princess, by the religious wars which she fomented, plunged the kingdom, for years, in blood. Henry the Fourth, the noblest and best of kings, after conquering his enemies in the field and in the cabinet, and winning an empire by valor and policy combined, sacrificed the happiness of his life and the tranquillity of his reign to the wiles and intrigues of beauty. To the remonstrances of the grave and virtuous Sully, he replied, with a deprecating consciousness of his weakness, that he could not find it in his heart to hurt the feelings of a woman. The *Marechale d'Ancre* was publicly burnt as a sorceress, for the influence which she wielded over the feeble, yet turbulent Marie de Medicis. When asked at the stake, by what magic she had captivated the mind of her royal mistress—"The magic which a strong mind possesses over a weak one," was the proud reply of the unterrified Italian. The haughty



genius of the vindictive Richelieu could scarcely cope with the obstacles thrown in his way by the arts of female management, against which he prevailed only by a harsh and courageous *coup d'état*. At a later period, in the interregnum of a minority, and under the politic sway of an unpopular and avaricious minister, the beautiful and accomplished Duchess de Longueville materially assisted the turbulent de Retz, in exciting the troubles of the *Fronde*. By what a constellation of bright, though not pure names, was the heart of the grand, not great Louis the Fourteenth, successively captivated! If any thing could palliate the immorality of that amorous and ostentatious monarch, it would be the selection of such favorites as La Valliere, Fontanges, Montespan, Maintenon, and the little influence, which—except the latter, who, it is believed, became his wife, though not his queen—those who ruled his heart were permitted to exercise upon his councils. The regency, which succeeded, was a sink of corruption, in which the obscure sway, wielded by the fair, if wielded at all, redounds not to the honor of the sex. It was the reign of the grosser vices, of hideous profligacy, and unscrupulous *agiotage*, rather than that of female influence. That of the weak and corrupt Louis the Fifteenth, was almost entirely under the control of the boudoir, which sank at length into something worse. Such names as Chateauroux, Pompadour, and Dubarry, contrast most disadvantageously with the elegant and accomplished favorites of his stately grandfather. Frederick the Great, in allusion to the ignoble paramours, who ruled in succession the councils as well as the passions of this profligate and contemptible prince, humorously sub-divided his reign thus—"Petticoat, first, second and third." An Austrian princess, the courageous and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whom the eloquence of Burke has immortalized even more than the pen of history, headed the counter-revolutionary party, whose desperate efforts but precipitated the triumph of that cause, which brought her head, and that of her virtuous and amiable husband, to the block. In the early stage of that terrific drama, whose final *dénouement* is not yet completed, the Roman spirit of the enthusiastic Madame Roland, may be regarded as the genius of republicanism. Women then legislated in the streets, and dictated from the galleries, to the assemblies of the nation, with stentorian lungs, and flourishing pikes. The devoted arm of a magnanimous maiden\* rid the world of a monster,† whose sanguinary thirst the blood of thousands could not slake. Even the heroic spirit and indomitable temper of Napoleon, acknowledged the influence of an amiable and affectionate woman, and he dreaded the power of a female pen more than the hostility of a kingdom. The conjugal heroism of the wife of Lavalette, will not be forgotten, while female devotion is admired by man.

In France, women have entered the literary arena, and striven for the honors of science. They have been associated in all the triumphs of art and civilization; their capacity has not been thought too narrow or unsuited for any pursuit, which is not altogether repugnant to their nature and habits. Genius and learning have sought their participation and sanction, and shared with them their rewards. Women of the highest rank

have preferred the pleasures of intellectual pursuits and intercourse to the frivolous enjoyments of fashion and fortune. They have deemed it no derogation from the pride of birth or the elevation of rank, to acknowledge with unaffected deference, the superior aristocracy of genius. Their ambition has been to preside in the circle of chosen spirits, and to see themselves surrounded by the lights and ornaments of the age. Witness the *coteries* of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the *petits soupers* of a later period, and the *salons* of our day. Molière reads his manuscripts to Ninon de L'Enclos; Voltaire makes a literary *confidante* of Madame de Châtelêt, and displays his embryo productions in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour. Madame D'Epey is the friend and patroness of Rousseau, Diderot and Grimm. The memoirs of Marmontel, the letters of Grimm, the confessions of Rousseau, the correspondence of Madame du Deffand, and many other interesting publications, all testify to the intimacy, social and literary, on which men of letters, lived with women of rank and fashion. Madame de Stael could never forgive Napoleon for the scorn with which he treated her intellect—she wished to admire him, but he would not encourage her advances. His ideas of woman were not French. The most confidential friend of De Stael, perhaps something more, was the orator, politician and author, Benjamin Constant. The most remarkable of her works, is the Essay upon the French Revolution, which abounds with original thoughts and profound political reflections. I visited, with no small interest, Coppet, the family seat, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, where she reposes by the side of her celebrated father. Since then, her son, a most estimable man, has joined them in the tomb, where he was soon followed by a posthumous child, the last of the illustrious name. Rank, fortune, genius, fame, all these could not avail, to preserve a line of which France has such just reason to be proud. The wives of at least two ministers of Louis Philippe, Guizot and de Broglie, have been authors. The latter, whose untimely death I lately noticed with painful surprise, was the lovely and estimable daughter of Madame de Stael, who united to a goodly portion of the talents of her mother, all the attractions which can adorn and dignify a woman. She was conspicuous for unaffected piety, fine sense, gentle elegance of manners, and elevation of character. She was the pride and stay of her husband, one of the first and best men living in France. It was my good fortune to meet her sometimes in a society of which she was the ornament and grace, and I could not permit this occasion to pass without an humble tribute to the memory of this estimable daughter of an illustrious mother.

In France, authors do not lead secluded lives, but mingle constantly in the most animated company. They live much in the society of women, and cultivate sedulously the favorable opinions and good graces of the fair. They frequently submit their compositions, before publication, to the tribunal of female taste, more however, I suspect, from a love of approbation, than with a view of profiting by criticism. Chateaubriand, who is proverbial for his devotion to the sex, is in the constant habit of reading his manuscripts to a coterie of literary friends at the *Abbaye aux Bois*, over which presides the accomplished and still lovely Madame

\* Charlotte Corday.

† Marat.

Récarnier. He has prepared a copious work, under the title of "Posthumous Memoirs," of which he has read some of the most interesting portions to this friendly auditory, whence they have already found their way to the press. This is, it must be confessed, rather a singular anticipation of posthumous approbation and celebrity. Notwithstanding all I have said, there are, perhaps, no women so little addicted to pedantry, as the French. In a residence of some years, I do not recollect to have met with a single example; yet it is curious to go into the public libraries and witness the number of women engaged in literary annotation and research. The keen sense of the ridiculous, so characteristic of the nation, added to the practical good sense and liveliness of temperament of French women, doubtless, protect them from this weakness.

In France, woman occupies a more independent position, than in other countries. The laws of property sanction and enforce the principle of conjugal equality. The predominance of man in his appropriate sphere is the result of natural causes alone. The existence of woman is not confined within the narrow circle of the family hearth; she is not condemned to the exclusive duties of domestic economy; she is something more than a mere nursing mother, or the manager of a household. It is by no means my wish to derogate from the dignity or importance of these duties, with which, however, other occupations and aspirations are not incompatible. It is for these reasons that French marriages which are generally mere family compacts, in which previous attachment, or even intimate acquaintance, is not deemed necessary, are not more generally productive of unhappiness. The selection of husband and wife, is almost uniformly made by parents, and the inclinations of the parties are scarcely consulted. Considerations of birth and fortune are allowed to have more influence upon the determination, than congeniality of age, temper or affections. It is not uncommon to see blooming youth linked to decrepit age, and the instances are rare, where an attachment, or even the opportunity of forming it, exists before the union. The cheerfulness, the un-murmuring patience, at least, with which young French women submit to this sacrifice and barter of the affections, is not easily comprehended by those reared in a different state of society. Not having known a different condition of things, and being trained to obedience by education and example, they never think of going counter to the wishes of their *mamas* and aunts, who ought to know so much better than themselves, what is to their advantage. No marriage is agreed to, without a stipulated dowry; and the signing of the contract is a more important matter than the wedding ceremony. In the preliminary consultations, there is much more said about houses, stocks and estates, than about sentiment, and the whole business is transacted with the coolness and circumstantiality of an ordinary pecuniary transaction. When a man has made up his mind to marry, he requests his friends to look out for a partner for him, with certain advantages, of birth, fortune or person; and when daughters have arrived at a marriageable age, husbands are negotiated for them in the same manner. In some cases, the parties are affianced at a tender age, when it rarely happens that they are not united at a suitable period. In making these arrangements, a profession is regarded as

equivalent to the capital of the income which it will yield—talents, the chances of promotion, &c., are taken into consideration as leading to fortune and position; the want of youth or beauty is indemnified by the possession of rank or wealth. All these things are calculated and balanced with the nicest accuracy. This cold-blooded system, as we should call it, by no means indicates a want of sensibility; it is simply the custom of the country.

"I congratulate you, my dear," exclaims an affectionate father, in a play, as he embraces his daughter, who has just been promised to a receiver general, "*tu vas épouser une recette générale*," which may be rendered in the political phraseology of the day, "you are going to marry a *sub-treasury*." I recollect asking an accomplished young lady, who was affianced to a grave physician of sixty, for whom, she admitted, she felt nothing but esteem, how she reconciled herself to the idea—not a very proper question by the by. "He is an excellent man, and the choice of my father," replied the innocent girl—for whom it was impossible not to feel increased esteem.

Cruel and unnatural as seems the system of marriages in France, it should be recollected that it has prevailed in nearly all nations, from the earliest times. Throughout the continent of Europe it exists under various modifications, and it is found in a still harsher shape in all the countries of the East, where it has prevailed from the remotest epoch, as is manifest from the sacred writings. It is our system, then, which forms the exception, and we should, therefore, be less harsh in judging that of other nations. Such a habitual sacrifice of feeling, or rather neglect of inclination, in forming the most important and enduring engagement of life, would certainly lead to very unhappy consequences, were not its effects much qualified and palliated by the peculiar state of society. There are compensating circumstances which diminish or at least disguise the hardship. With us, indeed, the happiness of woman is essentially bound up in the marriage tie; her chief, her almost sole felicity is comprised within the family circle. If disappointed in her affections, or sacrificed to considerations of interest or ambition, to what refuge can she fly from a desolate hearth? She is ever within the control of causes which, if they do not affect her happiness, render her doubly miserable. Her life becomes one long sacrifice; a tedious succession of joyless moments. When the affections have once been awakened, they may be crushed, but they cannot be eradicated. But the case is very different in France, where marriage is regarded not so much an affair of sentiment, as an honorable establishment in life. Marriage there is an epoch to which the girl looks forward with eagerness, as the period when she will be emancipated from a rigid parental restriction and virginal restraint, and obtain a free participation in all the pleasures of social intercourse. Her liberty, instead of ceasing at her nuptials, is then first acquired, and derives additional zest from the previous interdiction. Then commences an exhaustless succession of balls, soirees, routs, promenades, parties of pleasure, and all the brilliant amusements of a gay and light-hearted people. Her ambition is to shine in society—and she cannot be made to believe, that the happiness of her husband will be diminished by making herself agree-



able to all those who come within the influence of her attraction. She observes the importance, attached in society, to wit, taste and elegance, and all her exertions are directed to the development and improvement of these qualities and accomplishments, to the culture of which her whole education has been directed. She is not only proud of the admiration of the gay and the envy of the fair, but endeavors to enlist also the suffrages of superior minds by the liveliness of her wit and the fascination of her conversation. She perceives that the sober qualities which contribute only to domestic bliss are thrown into the shade by the more brilliant, if less solid accomplishments, and she soon learns that a lively sally or pointed repartee confers more reputation, than the longest practise of the homely duties of life. Her ambition is to dance with elegance, sing with expression, touch the harp with grace, and converse with spirit; and the successful exertion of these faculties delights no one more than her husband, who is as proud of her accomplishments, as of her affections.

Without advocating the French system, in this extreme, it may be permitted to observe that the excessive liberty and familiarity before marriage, which are to be met with in some countries, are almost equally objectionable, and perhaps less interesting, as we certainly look for more delicacy and reserve in the maiden than the matron. It is indeed reversing the order of nature to permit more confidence of manners and independence of deportment in the former, than in the woman of the world, who has taken her position in society. The proper system is, doubtless, the intermediate one—more maidenly reserve in the one case, and less of frivolity in the other.

As I have already observed, the education of a French woman is directed more to the acquisition of accomplishments than of solid instruction, though the serious duties of life are by no means neglected. It is indeed questionable whether such an education be not better adapted to the desired end, than the superficial science which is taught with so much parade by a system of more ostentatious pretension. A smattering of Algebra, Geology, Phrenology, Anatomy, &c., &c., is, after all, a poor substitute for good sense, good manners, and feminine grace. Delicacy, propriety, refinement,—these are indispensable to woman, whose position and pursuits are scarcely compatible with profound erudition. Not that I would undervalue the female mind, but that I would discriminate between the desirable and attainable, and the superficial and inapplicable. French women are distinguished in an eminent degree by vivacity of intellect, brilliancy of imagination, promptitude of reply and felicity of expression,—all those qualities, indeed, which contribute to the enjoyments of social intercourse, and heighten the fascination of female attractions. They are never at a loss in discourse, and are gifted with a readiness of wit, which never permits conversation to languish, and infuses into society an exhaustless fund of life and motion.

Much has been said of the frivolity of French society, and the insignificance of the topics discussed, but it should be recollected that general conversation would be extremely dull if it were always serious, argumentative or didactic; were it not frequently relieved by elegant badinage, or airy pleasantry. Its perfection, perhaps, consists in the unpremeditated interchange of brilliant

ideas, witty allusions, and prompt, felicitous expressions, not in a tedious and systematic discussion of grave and substantial topics. A party of pleasure is not a scientific assembly, nor a fashionable dinner a parliamentary sitting. Your instructive talker is generally a sad prosier, if not an intolerable bore. There is, perhaps, as much sense as wit in the reply of Talleyrand, who, when asked why he had married an ignorant woman, observed that it was to relax his mind. It is because their feelings are more quick and spontaneous, their ideas less systematically connected, that women shine in elegant conversation, and it is for the same reason that they excel in familiar letters. There is a raciness, a freshness, a delicacy, a spontaneousness in female conversation and letters, which men, in vain, seek to imitate. Madame de Sevigné observes, that when she put her pen to paper she permitted it to go *comme Dieu le veut*; and this is the secret of her inimitable style, which is the spontaneous expression of her mind and heart. A Newton or a Locke would, in her peculiar province, doubtless yield the palm to the presiding spirit of a Parisian drawing room. The quick penetration and delicate sensibility to all the light and fugitive shades of character and sentiment which distinguish the female mind, are infinitely better adapted to social spirit and entertainment, than the more ponderous and unwieldy faculties of man. It often happens, too, that an observation apparently the most thoughtless and unmeaning, conceals an ingenious idea, or striking thought. The mind of woman is less artificial and sophisticated than that of man, and there is often a deep philosophy in her intuitive impulses. She is not yet weaned from Nature, the mother of us all—from whose simple teachings she imbibes wisdom, often above the knowledge of the world. She reaches conclusions, and just ones too, by a shorter route than that of logic; she overleaps the intermediate stages, and arrives at once at results. Her knowledge is intuitive, perceptive; her thoughts are feelings; her opinions sentiments. This method would, indeed, be found defective in the investigations of science, or the conduct of complicated affairs, but succeeds admirably, when confined within its appropriate sphere. The refinements of feeling, the delicacies of propriety, the nicer shades of sentiment, motives and character, even many of the highest duties of life, can only thus be discerned and estimated; which accounts for the superior penetration, elegance and justness of the feminine mind and deportment.

In merely physical beauty, that of feature and complexion, the women of France are inferior to those of many other countries, and particularly of England. This is admitted by the French themselves, who admire the beauty of English women as much as they ridicule their lumpishness and awkwardness. But French women have, in an unrivalled degree, the beauty of physiognomy or expression, as distinguished from that of feature, which is further adorned and heightened by the graces of mind and body, to which I have already alluded. Generally speaking, to find a French woman handsome, one must know her; and a nearer intercourse often reveals attractions, where a casual glance would have discovered nothing to admire. Sometimes she has but to speak to be handsome. The plainest features are often redeemed by a graceful animation; the most ordinary face heightened into beauty by the charm

of expression. A bright eye, a soul-speaking glance, an expressive countenance, aided by a genteel person, a graceful carriage, an elegance in every act and motion, but above all, a soft and well modulated voice—these are infinitely more captivating than mere regularity of feature, or faultless symmetry of proportion.

In France, the greatest attention is paid to the physical education of woman, and all the refinements which heighten or preserve female attractions, are thoroughly understood and practised. Every motion is directed, every gesture attended to, and all the advantages of manner and attitude sedulously cultivated from the most tender age, until the person falls naturally and without effort into graceful positions and movements. Delicacy of expression and elegance of language, too, are not only carefully inculcated, but the greatest attention is even paid to the cultivation of the voice. There is nothing which strikes and interests the stranger so much as the elegant deportment and lady-like manners of the female children, who are dressed with great taste, and freely admitted into society until they attain a certain age, when they are again withdrawn. And here I seize with great pleasure the opportunity of defending French women from the calumny so frequently heard, that they sacrifice the care of their offspring, to the frivolous pleasures of fashionable life. This is chiefly founded upon a custom not so prevalent as formerly, about which a great deal of sentimental twaddle has been ignorantly expended, and which proceeds in high life, from certain ideas or prejudices relating to health and beauty, and in the lower ranks from the active engagements of life, not permitting the faithful discharge of the duty. To infer a want of affection from this, would be as logical as to maintain, as has been humorously observed, that a child reared by the hand, should entertain a filial affection for a teaspoon. I have often been agreeably surprised, by discovering upon a nearer acquaintance, that fashionable women, who were to be constantly seen shining in the gay circles of the capital, and apparently thinking of nothing but the pleasure of the moment, were in the daily habit of instructing their children, and devoting much time to the cultivation of their minds, and the formation of their manners. In sickness they are affectionate nurses, and the respectful attachment of their children affords the best proof that they have not neglected the pleasing though often painful duties of maternity. They are also admirable managers, prudent economists, and, in the humbler walks of life, of great assistance to their husbands in their business, in which they often actually participate. Their industry and cheerfulness in foreign countries are proverbial, and the exiles of the revolutions of France and St. Domingo, even women of the highest life and tenderest breeding, evinced a courage and energy which called forth general admiration. We talk heedlessly of the frivolity of French women, and yet the education of many of our young ladies of fashion is in their hands.

To revert to a topic on which I have already lightly touched, I would observe, that with us society is instituted almost exclusively for the benefit of the very young and the unmarried, and its chief object seems to be to afford the opportunity and facilities of courtship. Beardless boys and boarding-school misses almost monopolize its privileges, from which persons of riper years are entirely banished. This is much to be lament-

ed, as it gives to society a much less intellectual cast, and confines the pleasures of social enjoyment within too narrow a circle. It is apt to convert social intercourse into whispering tête à tête, giggling gossip, vapid sentimentalism, upon merely personal topics. It is inconsistent, too, with the first principles of politeness, which require that respectful attention should be paid to all ladies without exception.

In France, perhaps, the opposite error prevails—the pleasures and privileges of society being almost engrossed by married women. Young ladies, there, are admitted into company by a kind of sufferance, and rarely, for a moment, are permitted to leave the eye of the anxious mother. The poor girl sits by the side of her mamma or *chaperone*, with downcast, timid countenance, and not a word can be addressed to her, except in the hearing of her parent or protector. When she joins the dance, her partner does not permit himself a remark beyond the merest common places of ceremony, and when conducted to her chair, he must not take a seat by her side. She is not even allowed to read a novel, lest it should make her familiar with sentiments, in which she must not indulge before the eventful epoch of marriage. If she is carried to the play, it is only to see the most moral productions of the most moral stage, and particularly such as inculcate an implicit obedience to parental will, or which display the lamentable consequences that necessarily spring from a *mariage de sentiment*. It is not surprising, then, that she should look forward with eagerness to the day which is to put an end to her captivity, as the school-boy anticipates the approach of the holidays. A husband is the knight-errant who is to relieve her from thralldom, and she regards the wedding day as the era of emancipation from irksome control. Runaway matches are out of the question, as the penalties of the law are severe, and no marriage is valid without the consent of the parents, until a certain age at least, and then recourse must be had to legal forms and judicial proceedings, tedious, degrading, and accompanied by a humiliating publicity. But what a change is wrought by the wedding day! An almost unlimited liberty, within the bounds of decorum, succeeds to the previous restraint, and the brilliant pleasures of society woo with resistless attraction the youthful bride. She arrays herself in the costly ornaments of her *corbeille de mariage*, and shines among the gay and the fair, at the court, the opera, the ball room and the promenade. The modest timidity of the maiden gives place to the elegant ease and dignified confidence of the woman of the world.

The susceptible ear of the stranger is sometimes offended by a certain freedom of language and manner in French women, which is not altogether compatible with his idea of female delicacy, and of which I do not wish to become the apologist. It would be a mistake, however, to argue from this, a want of essential propriety, since it is met with in persons of the most unquestionable character. French custom permits the use of any language or allusion, which is not coarse, repulsive or absolutely improper, and does not recognize the verbal abstinence which is enforced in this country. Even in England the rule is much less rigorous than with us, though by no means as lax as in France, where nothing is proscribed which is not absolutely criminal or repulsive. Of the extremes, ours is certainly the preferable, and I



would only remonstrate against drawing harsh and unjust inferences from what is often a mere difference of custom. We should recollect, too, that every thing which does not involve essential principle, is in a great measure arbitrary and conventional, and not be too prompt to subject the conduct of others to our own standard of habits and education. I am but pleading for charity in our judgments of others, for I repeat, both reason and feeling induce me to prefer the cautious reserve and watchful scrupulousness which prevail with us.

It has been observed, with equal truth and point, that in France nothing is *Salic* but the throne. In fact, women there perform duties, and are entrusted with functions, which in other countries are appropriated exclusively to the stronger sex. They not only wait upon customers in the shops, they preside at the cafés and the restaurants, they book passengers for the diligences, they are the box-keepers at the theatres, they write in the office of the notary, they are the prominent and active managers of numerous establishments, and finally their names appear as principals or partners in commercial firms. The participation of females in so many masculine employments, may be in some degree owing to the sanguinary wars of the republic and the empire, which diminished the natural proportion of active men in the resident population. But this is a cause of but partial and temporary influence. In shops and other establishments, female charms are resorted to systematically, and with great success, to attract custom. A pretty woman will make the fortune of a café or a fancy store. The pleasure of being waited upon by a fair damsel, is often dearly purchased by needless expenditures and exorbitant prices, which it would not be gallant to begrudge. There is no city where this system is carried to so great an extent as in Paris. Some of the greatest establishments owe their vogue chiefly to the attraction of the presiding beauty, who, arrayed in all the splendor of costume, sits enthroned beneath a gorgeous canopy.

But I must break off this gossiping paper abruptly, lest the attraction of the subject draw me insensibly into a tedious prolixity.

J. L. M.

Washington, D. C.

## A MENTAL RETROSPECT.

### I.

I once could see, but now am blind—  
The world is dark to me;  
But, oh! 'tis fresh within my mind,  
As once it used to be.  
I can recall the break of day—  
The first faint streak of light—  
The mists which rose and swept away,  
Along the mountain height.  
The last dim stars which 'gan to fade,  
Before the approaching sun—  
The flood of light, his advent made—  
His glory, going down.  
I knew not which did please me best,—  
That flood of morning light,  
Or that refulgent plunge to rest,  
Within the arms of Night.

### II.

I recollect the opening Spring,  
The Violet's early bloom;  
The Iris I was first to bring  
To my dear mother's room;  
The Hyacinth soon follow'd these,  
With white or purple bells;  
And shrubs among yet leafless trees  
Peep'd out from sunny dells.  
The Red Bud stood, with blushes deep,  
Beside the Dogwood pale;  
And made my heart exulting leap,  
Returning warmth to hail.  
Methinks I now can see the wheat,  
Spread like a carpet green,  
With peach and cherry blossoms sweet,  
Embroid'ring all the scene.

### III.

That wheat, in Summer, changed in hue—  
Wav'd like a sea of gold—  
And as the soft winds o'er it flew,  
'Twas beauteous to behold;  
Those blossoms had been early shed—  
The type of man's own doom;  
For thus as soon our early dead  
Oft sink into the tomb?  
But, oh! their place was quick supplied  
By many a verdant leaf;  
And for the loss of those who died,  
There was no heart for grief;  
For there was fruit, and there were leaves—  
Fast flutt'ring ev'ry one—  
The shady veils which Mercy weaves  
To curtain out the sun.

### IV.

Autumnal days! ah, they were soft—  
Sometimes with smoky light;  
And those were sad; but then they oft  
Foreran the clear and bright.  
And then the wood—the waving wood—  
Look'd rich beyond belief;  
With some trees dyed as red as blood,  
And some with golden leaf;  
Deep orange tints, and purple too,  
Were mix'd with evergreen,  
And ev'ry shade and ev'ry hue  
Within the rainbow seen;  
In color'd map, those trees were group'd,  
All over hill and dale—  
And such the groves, where fairies troop'd,  
In some Arabian tale.

### V.

But Winter came to blast that scene,  
And lay it bleak and bare;  
And nothing save the Evergreen  
Was left of all so fair.  
How was it, glorious Evergreen!  
That thou wert smiling on,  
When other trees around, were seen  
So sad and woe-begone?  
Yet, still there was in Winter's face  
A charm unto my eye;  
A might—a majesty and grace,  
To lift the soul on high:

The storm and tempest sweeping past,  
The torrents too of rain,  
The flaky snows descending fast,  
And burying all the plain.

## VI.

And there were moonbeams cold and bright,  
Out on the waste which froze;  
What lovelier thing than starry night,  
Upon the sparkling snows?  
"The floor of Heaven was thick inlaid  
With patines of bright gold;"\*  
A firmament beneath was made—  
A mimic Heaven unroll'd.  
Yes, Winter, lock'd in "thick-ribb'd ice,"  
Thou too had charms for me;  
Those skies were worth a countless price,  
And I could welcome thee.  
Life's Winter on me dreary lies,  
And dark my path on earth,  
But I may see those starry skies,  
Through my Redeemer's worth.

\* "Sit Jessica: look how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines† of bright gold.

[Merchant of Venice.

† Patines were small flat dishes used in the administration of  
the Eucharist.

## LETTER FROM MRS. JANE MECOM,

TO HER BROTHER, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[The various editions of Franklin's works contain numerous letters from him to his youngest and favorite sister, Jane, married to Mr. Mecom of Boston. The following from her to him, although a fragment, will, it is believed, be interesting. It is copied from the original and has been hitherto unpublished.]

Boston, Dec. 5, 1774.

DEAR BROTHER:

Since I wrote last, which was by Capt. Calahan, I received your's of September 28. Your affectionate concern for my satisfaction, excites my sincerest gratitude and warmest affections. I am pleased, beyond expression, to find you are not discouraged under all you and our dear country suffer. I myself am not much discouraged, but I feared I was only fool-hardy, for many of our people are alarmed at the news of more ships and more soldiers coming; but the only way, as you have observed, is to keep on in the way of duty, and put our trust in God.

The slander you mention, (for I also look on it as such,) was told me before I saw the papers; but it took no hold on me, for I immediately told them it was false. I knew you would scorn to accept any favors from them.

I hope God will\* [prosper your] advice and endeavors for our good. Our case requires all the strength and wisdom that can be collected. I hear the Scarborough came in yesterday; but if she did, it was very silently; not a gun fired; and we know it was not in regard to the day, for we had drumming and whistling

\* There are a few words illegible here in the fold of the letter. The words supplied in brackets were probably those written.

all through the town. It is said too, they have brought news that the Home Ministry continue, and almost all the same Parliament, and that they are determined to carry things to the utmost extremity. I don't know how they could know this, for I suppose they were not all chosen when she sailed; though I think the letters some have received, of later date than your's to me, imply almost as much. May God defend and preserve us.

December 15.

I wrote the above in order to send by the first opportunity; since which cousin Williams has received one from you and from their son, whose sentiments and the spirit he writes with, are very pleasing to us all here. The anxiety we feel for each other, you for us and we for ourselves, and for what we know you suffer on our account, is not among the least of our afflictions. Since I saw one of your letters to the Speaker, mentioning your anxiety for us, I have blamed myself for writing you an account of a fray that happened in this neighborhood; but it is gone and I cannot recall it; but I have seen nothing of the like nature since; and I really think that part of General Gage's letter to Peyton Randolph, Esq. is a truth, (however some contest about some other parts of it) that never was more pains taken to keep an army in peace with the inhabitants than there is among these. There is a number of officers in this street, almost every other house between the Orange Tree and King's Lane. They are all very peaceable, but the neighbors do not associate with them. I really pity them sometimes \*\*\* touching book of music; having [time] hanging on their hands and no \*\*\* This has been our Thanksgiving Day. Our God has told us that all our suing for a reconciliation will prove abortive without a regeneration of morals among us; and I am in hopes we have that token, for \*\*\* several within my observation appearing to be of that number.

I have sincerely pitied poor Mrs. H—— for her loss of so amiable a husband as I have heard he was, in so dismal a manner. The father of her dear babe \*\*\* is much missed in their education, if the means [be not] supplied another way; but I know by what I have heard of her and seen of her writings, that she is seized of a zeal of philosophy, and, I hope, of christianity, which will enable her to bear the affliction and acquit herself.

Present my respects to Mrs. Stevenson and to Jonathan. Tell him I wrote to him in the vessel Mr. Hislop and Mr. Quincy went in, and so I did to my dear brother; but not being under cover, I fear they may not get to you.

## TIME AND GRIEF.

'Tis true, that Time with slow remission steals  
The pang from common griefs—yet there is woe,  
Beyond that great magician's skill to heal,  
Which stamps itself deep in the central heart,  
And, like the fissure in the ocean rock,  
Resists the waters of the Lethean sea.

T. H. S.

Louisville, Ky.



## SONNET—THE RECALL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh truant heart! come back to thine own home—  
 Let not the roses lure thee, nor the blooms  
 Of the young spring entice thee more to roam;  
 Be thou not dazzled by those sparkling rooms  
 Where Beauty plays the queen, and flashes gems  
 From her dark eyes, and from her red lips pearls;  
 Oh truant heart! frail are the roses' stems,  
 They break in showers—and sudden tempest hurls  
 The spring blooms to the earth, and Beauty pales—  
 'Tis life's sweet star, dimmed by the moon of Time;  
 Come to the fountain, heart, that never fails,  
 Fountain of hallowed genius, thoughts sublime,  
 That flows through dream-land, pure, and bright, and free—  
 There is thy home, my heart: the fount is Poesy.

## THE POET'S DESTINY.

BY A YOUNG LADY, A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA.

## CHAPTER I.

A cloud swept o'er the lover's face,  
 As he stood before me now;  
 A scornful smile was on his lip,  
 A shadow on his brow.

Two years of exile passed away, and Ernest Gordon was again in England. Time and change had wrought their usual work, and calmed the tumult of feelings which nothing could entirely subdue. Though his brow wore no longer its deep sadness, yet it was shaded still; and it may be, that the memory of some early sorrow urged him to flee from the gaieties of the metropolis, and seek the solitude of his childhood's home. There, he could be alone with his own thoughts. Society no longer charmed him; and steadfastly scrutinizing the frivolities of the world, he had learned to shun and pity those who loved them. Books were now his companions; and sometimes, in his bitterness of soul, he deemed them the only friends who never altered or betrayed.

It is a sad period in life, when such feelings crowd upon us; when the beauty seems taken from our future, and the light gone from our path-way. Gloom like this was on Ernest, as he wandered through the old familiar haunts of his boyish days—and he pondered on those days as the only happy period he had ever known; forgetting that many hopes brightened over him still, that no era of existence is without its blessings, and that none can be really unhappy while there is good remaining to be done on earth. How few, in such mournful meditations, perceive that the change is not in the scenes and objects around them, but in themselves; that the blight has fallen, not on their prospects, but on the withering flowers of their own hearts. The stars are always in Heaven, and the darkness which shuts them from us, is around ourselves.

It was early on a summer afternoon that Ernest was seated in the library, whose treasures had so often contributed to the consolation of his loneliest hours. The windows of the room were open, and the soft breeze sighed through the curtained casements; repose rested

like a mantle on all, and its influence fell on Ernest also. His eyes were fixed on the page before him, but his thoughts had roamed far away to the records of the past.

Throwing aside the learned volume, he took a pamphlet from the table and carelessly opened it. While he glanced at its contents, a change came over his countenance, as if the lava of years had been suddenly removed from the world of his memory. The lines he looked on were addressed to the writer's "only friend," and were these:

"I will not forget thee! the links of the past,  
 They are clinging around me yet;  
 And the thoughts which connected my spirit with thine  
 Are such the heart cannot forget.

They are lingering near me in tenderness still,  
 Unstained by the touch of decay,  
 And are brighten'd by gloom, as stars shine at night  
 Which lose all their lustre by day.

I will not forget thee! too many bright hopes  
 Are gathered around thy dear name,  
 For with accents of kindness thou greetedst me oft,  
 When others spoke only to blame.

Thy memory comes like the breath of the south,  
 With fragrance and loveliness fraught;  
 For communion with thee, was hallow'd by love,  
 And chasten'd by beauty of thought."

Ernest's conscience smote him for his forgetfulness, as he read the verses addressed to himself and signed with the name of Walter Vere. Since their parting, these friends had heard nothing of each other—for Walter, with that peculiar reserve which generally forms a feature of an imaginative character, had said nothing of his plans or destination; and Ernest, in the selfishness of his individual disappointments, after the lapse of a few months' absence, had rarely thought of his youthful companion. Perhaps he may be forgiven this neglect, by those who feel that the memory of childish friendship is often lost in the engrossment of a deeper passion. But now, when the variety and distraction of travel had passed away, and he was once more enjoying the quiet of home, Gordon's interest in his friend returned with redoubled ardor, and he dwelt with the tenderest affection on the proud and sensitive disposition of the gifted poet.

Entirely ignorant of Walter's residence, Ernest wrote to Sir Godfrey Kneller inquiring for it; for he had resolved to compensate by future kindness and attention, the past neglect and suspension of their intercourse. A few days brought the wished-for information, and Ernest despatched a note to his friend.

"Once more, dear Walter," he said, "my wanderings are ended, and again I am among the tranquil beauties of home. This place recalls the happy hours we have passed here, and in roaming through its familiar scenes, I can scarcely realize that years have fled since we enjoyed them together. Will you not come to me, Walter? The sight of long forgotten things will impart to you a new inspiration—and communion with your earliest friend, will blot out the memory of sorrows we both have known too well. Do not deny me, Walter; I have so much, so very much to tell you,

which I cannot write. Moreover, I long to learn your prospects and hopes; they were confided to me so openly once, that I cannot relinquish the pleasure of a renewal of your confidence. I am here alone, and the thought of having you for a companion, has given me a taste of joy I have not felt since we parted."

Ernest wrote truly. In solitude, his more youthful feelings had returned, and it was with an interest he had long ceased to cherish for the common events of life, that he looked for Walter's answer. It came at last, and Ernest read as follows:

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear Ernest, for your kind invitation; it would indeed bring back the past, to be with you again—but it may not be. The poor have but few of the pleasures of this world, and my destiny shuts me out even from these. I must remain here, and toil in solitude—but do not think me insensible of your goodness because I am forced to decline its offers; believe me, your affection is among my dearest consolations, and you can never know how precious I hold it, till, like me, you have only one or two to love you. You express an interest in my prospects; alas! Ernest, there is little in the future that promises well for me. My writings are sufficiently profitable to prevent our suffering, but I no longer work with the zeal of my past efforts. Now, exertion is painful, and I turn, almost with loathing from the very lines which are the sole support of my daily existence. Do not deem me ungrateful, Gordon, because I speak often of my sorrows: they have, alas! been more familiar to me than joy. I have but one real pleasure on earth, and that is the consciousness of giving comfort to my mother and sister. For them I live, and perhaps their affection is the dearer, because, with the exception of yours, I have proved it to be the only love which changeth not. Do you remember, Ernest, how often in our boyish anticipations, I used to picture a manhood bright with honor and glorious with renown? How confident I once was, in my powers; how soaring was the ambition which urged me to win celebrity! Those hopes have vanished. I find that in trusting to my own intellect, I leaned on a broken reed, and that in sighing for fame, I pined for that which can only be gained by parting with happiness. I am wiser, or at least humbler, than I then was; for nothing produces in us humility so soon, as the shadowing of our proudest and brightest hopes. But I will not weary you, my friend, by dwelling longer on my misfortunes; their recital can avail nothing. Will you not write to me, Ernest? Let me realize one of my early dreams, in proving the truth of your friendship. Through years of silence and separation, I have never doubted it, and it would be painful indeed to find it vain at last."

"Poor Walter!" murmured Ernest, as he finished these mournful lines: "he has indeed known many sorrows, but he has escaped the haughty scorn whose blight is now upon me!"

Ernest did not suspect that the disappointment, which had withered some of the better feelings of his heart, was even then clouding the sunshine of his friend, and stealing away the beauty of his life. He dreamed not that his sadness was as nothing, compared to the wild, unmitigated despair of a being like Walter. Ernest had many resources;—wealth gave him power; and change had brought him calmness. But the poet

was poor; his sufferings had been increased by silence and loneliness; there was no excitement to draw his thoughts from the hour which had sealed his misery in revealing the hopelessness of his early passion. He had worshipped too long at that forbidden shrine, to kneel before another. The incentive to exertion was gone with the faithless dream in which he had garnered up the hopes of his life. The poet was of too gentle, too loving a nature, to find support in the pride which had proved a solace to Gordon. He could not, like him, repay the scorn of the one, on the many; and while Ernest smiled in haughty bitterness, Walter wept in secret sorrow.

## CHAPTER II.

His sorrows were in secret kept,  
Their strength was never seen;  
And those around him did not dream  
How wretched he had been!

It was a sweet summer night, when the brother and sister gazed together on the quiet and religious beauty of the far off stars. The poet's brow was pale with deep and troubled thought, and in the uncertain light, his eyes emitted a strange brightness from their dark, passionate depths. His smile too, was sad, and beautiful as the moonlight. Lucy looked at him in silence, as, wrapt in the mournful reverie which was now a common mood with him, he gazed on the orbs wandering above them. Tears filled the sister's eyes as she marked the unconscious absorption, and witnessed the gloom which so often cast its shadows over Walter's spirit.

"I have not told you, Lucy, that I shall be obliged soon to go to London," said Walter, at last; speaking as if with an effort. "The publisher says my presence will be necessary in superintending my forthcoming work, and though I dread the very thought, I must go."

"I can scarcely regret the necessity, dear Walter," said his sister, "for I think the change of scene and exercise will improve both your health and spirits."

"I cannot bear the idea of mingling again in the crowd," he said; "the very air of London makes me gloomy, and I feel doubly desolate in a throng where so many are happy. I wish Ernest would go with me."

"Can you not ask him?" inquired Lucy calmly; but the mention of his name, whose sound to her was now an abiding sorrow, called up a sudden paleness on her cheek.

"I will write to him," continued Walter; "he has so many friends in London, it can but be a pleasure for him to go there. It is the wretched only who shun the multitude!"

"And why should you be so wretched, Walter?" asked Lucy, almost reproachfully. "You have blessings even yet—and is it no consolation to remember you are the stay and comfort of our dear mother?"

"Yes, Lucy, that consolation is the sole comfort of my life. As for my blessings—where are they? Is it a blessing to toil unrequited and in solitude? Is it a blessing to see you suffering from this harsh climate, without the power to find you a gentler one? If these are blessings, Lucy, I am blessed indeed!"

"You must not think of me, dearest," she answered.



"Believe me, the suffering of sickness can never give the pain I feel at your repining in bitterness."

"Not in bitterness, my sister, but in sorrow and hopelessness," said Walter. "But it is too cold for you here, dearest," he added, after a moment's pause. "Retire to rest, Lucy—and may your dreams be happy!"

"Will you not go too, Walter?"

"My dreams are not bright enough to tempt me," he answered, with his strange, sad smile. "I will watch with the stars a little longer,"—and Lucy left him.

Walter looked after her sorrowfully, and he thought her slight figure seemed wasted, even since he last observed it.

Lucy sat long at her window, wrapt in silent, cheerless meditation; and when at length she retired, she perceived through the dimness of the night, that her brother was still at his station.

The next morning Walter wrote to Ernest, asking him to accompany him to the metropolis.

"I dread the prospect," he said, "but my going is necessary, and I would not neglect any thing which may add to the comfort of those dependant on me. Now, more than ever, I am bound to make every exertion—for a new affliction is approaching, and death is written on the brow of one, nearest and dearest. It is not yet too late to save her, and if my next work prove popular and profitable, I shall seek her health in a foreign land. Poor Lucy! she is sensible of her danger, even while she attempts to conceal it; but her confession is not needed to reveal the decay I can trace so surely on the cheek and in the eye!"

Ernest readily consented to accompany his friend, but he little suspected their mutual dislike to London arose from the same cause. Walter's letter awoke new feelings in Ernest, and as he read of Lucy's danger, her sweet face came back to him, as from a dream. He remembered, and without vanity, the one short interview, which had betrayed to him her heart's secret, and he asked himself if he had done wisely in coldly passing by such love.

Ernest's first love was very like most men's—it was more a memory than a reality—for, it was not proof against neglect and new associations. His devotion to Lady Alice had been so scorned and repulsed, that it had given place to a feeling of dislike; and pride, more than affection, induced him to avoid the possibility of meeting her. With much true and deep feeling, he mingled a vein of worldliness, which perhaps did more than any thing else towards healing the wounds of his bosom.

"Can I not aid Walter in restoring his sister?" he thought. "I have wealth, and it is all he needs. She, perhaps, can love me, even now; and I would willingly show the world, that there are others as worthy of adoration as the Countess of Lysle!"

How different the emotion that prompted the proud, yet humble adoration of Walter! With a devotedness, which for years had been his blessing, he still treasured up one lovely face; and Alice knew not the heart she trampled on, when she so haughtily rejected the poet's love!

Scarce a week had passed, ere another was added to the circle of the poet's home. The next day the friends were to journey to the city—and now Ernest and Lucy were again together. A single glance at her altered

and placid face, told Gordon she was doomed; and he saw, that in anticipating her restoration, his friend was hoping against hope.

Walter was writing in his room, and Lucy wandered with Ernest in the soft moonlight. They spoke of her brother, his hopes, his fears, and the quiet days of their earlier intercourse. Gordon vaguely alluded to his own disappointments; but flying from the past, he lingered over the present. At length all was forgotten and lost but the holy enchantment of that joyous moment—and in the low tone of intense feeling, he uttered the sweetest words that ever fell on Lucy's ear.

"I am changed, Lucy," he continued, "from the enthusiastic being you and Walter once knew; and perhaps I have lost all claim to your forgiveness and generosity; but, trust me, you will find none, even among the happiest and most devoted of your suitors, who can hold you dearer in his heart of hearts, than I do! Speak to me, my beloved—tell me, Lucy! that you can love me, even yet!"

Lucy was silent, but Gordon watched her varying color, and he required no other answer. In that hour was centered the blessedness of all her life, and even Ernest thought not of her danger as he gazed on the dark lustre of her lambent eyes, which, like her faithful heart, reflected back his image. Alas! why is it, that love and death so often meet on earth?

"We shall return in a few days," said Walter, as they separated at night, "and Ernest will come back with me, unless the attractions of London prove too strong for him."

"That were scarcely possible now," said Gordon, with a glance at Lucy, which sent the eloquent flush to her very forehead, and made her visions of the night happier than they had ever been.

### CHAPTER III.

That moment's passing blessedness,  
Repaid a life of tears;  
And broke the chain of silent grief,  
Which bound her brightest years!

It was morning in the city, and the hum of human voices floated on the air. But the sounds broke gently through the rich curtains which adorned a small, yet splendidly ornamented boudoir, in one of the noblest mansions of the capital. Rare paintings and Italian statues graced the room, and on a low, luxurious couch, rested one, fairer even than the fairest vision of the artist's dreams.

The mood of the lady was an uncommon one; for tears were in her eyes, which had long been strangers to the Countess of Lysle! On the table beside her lay an open letter, and in her hand she held a miniature, on which she gazed with more than admiration. Its features were those of a young and handsome man, and the original must have been deeply beloved indeed, when the resemblance Alice deemed so precious. Again and again she pressed the effigy to her lips; and then resting her head on her arm, while the long ringlets swept unheeded over it, she wept wildly and bitterly. The letter caused her grief; and it was this:

"I do not upbraid you, Alice; the time is past when confidence in your tenderness gave me a right to re-

proach you for a coldness I believed assumed. Your conduct I have long thought strange, but now I have proved it heartless. You said you loved me, and I trusted in the confession—I view that also as a sheer act of coquetry. That I have felt for you something even more than love, it is needless to inform you. But your own haughty indifference has now converted into unalterable pity, for your weakness and instability, all the devotion I once laid so lavishly at your feet. You have forfeited the respect, without which love is valueless; and it would be hypocrisy in me to pretend still to worship an idol, whose divinity I deem forever lost. You are mistaken, sadly mistaken, Lady Alice! if, by the course you are pursuing, you expect to retain the admiration of honorable men;—beauty and wealth may command the flattery of the crowd, but they alone can never secure the sincere love of a proud and lofty spirit. That gift will never be offered on the altar of one who is as destitute of regard for the feelings of others, as she has proved herself treacherous to her own! If you would win the affections of a noble heart, you must exercise more of that consideration and sympathy, which only can obtain it. I wish you all happiness, Lady Alice! though our destinies are severed. If, in after years, I shall hear of you, changed and chastened, as I trust you may be, I shall still rejoice in the memory of our early friendship. Farewell, forever!”

“He is gone!” murmured Alice, wildly; “the only one I ever loved, has left me forever. What now to me is wealth, it cannot restore his constancy? What care I for rank without his love—and what is beauty to me when he prizes it not? All—all, are worthless, and I am desolate. The pangs I have inflicted on others, are visited on myself; and the despair I have heaped on so many, is now crushing me to the dust. My advantages are as nothing now; I would give them all, to bring back the pure and holy spirit of the love I have lost. Oh! he has torn from my heart its last, best hope, and blighted the promise once implanted there! Fortune, friends and life are dear; but they are nothing—less than nothing, when deprived of the only object of a soul-devoted feeling! Oh! that we could lose our being with our bliss! But it may not be: the load of life will still oppress us; and unless memory and reason should be lost in insensibility, we must bear our fate with woes unutterable!”

Thus in the agony of a proud heart's first sorrow, Alice gave way to the wildness of her grief.

With an inconsistency not unusual in selfish characters, Alice loved at last with a depth and intensity of feeling, known only, perhaps, to a haughty, scornful spirit. But habit with her had become a second nature, and she carelessly trifled with the heart she had won. Self was still the centre of her impulses, and the love gained by beauty, was lost by vanity.

“Do you intend calling on the Countess of Lysle?” asked Ernest, as Walter and himself were seated in their apartment at the hotel at London.

“I do not,” answered Walter, sadly. “The Countess has, doubtless, long since forgotten that I ever crossed her pathway. Shall you visit her, Ernest?”

“No,” said Gordon. “It has been many months since we met—and I cannot hope to be remembered, when the poet who praised her is forgotten.”

Walter did not reply, and his sudden abstraction

prevented his perceiving the scornful smile on Ernest's lip. Could Alice have read the hearts of her lovers, she would indeed have mourned the pride which had produced bitterness and scorn in the one, and sorrow and despair in the other.

Night approached, and Gordon stood with folded arms, listlessly gazing from the window on the street below, when a servant entered and presented a note. It contained these words written in pencil:

“I have this instant heard that you are in town and intend leaving to-morrow; will you quit London without seeing one of your oldest friends?”

No name was signed, for the writer had trusted to the memory of the addressed, and he knew but too well the fair characters of Alice's hand.

“The time is past for a lure like this to snare me,” muttered Gordon. “I will not give her the triumph she expects.”

And after a moment's pause, as the softer feelings of other years came back to him, he added, “Perhaps it were wiser that I should not look upon that face again!”

Approaching the table, Ernest wrote a few words, and enclosing his card, directed it to the Countess of Lysle; he then tore her note into pieces. Walter started in surprise from his reverie, as Ernest raised the window and scattered the fragments in the air, and then, with a flushed brow, resumed his idle employment. Had Walter known whose hand traced that paper, he would indeed have marvelled at his friend. Such a summons would have been enshrined in the innermost recesses of the poet's heart.

It was with recovered calmness, and in a spirit widely different from the morning's agitation, that Alice approached her mirror, after having written to Ernest.

“He will surely come,” said she; “for I am not one to be refused!”

And a smile of triumph, as she gazed on her image, passed over her almost faultless face. Her recent grief had subsided, as she looked with confidence to the renewed adoration of her recalled admirer.

The hours passed, and still he came not; and Alice began to fear her invitation had not been received, when an answer at length arrived.

“I regret that an engagement this evening with my friend, Mr. Vere, and my early departure to-morrow morning, will deprive me of the honor of waiting upon the Countess of Lysle.”

In a paroxysm of wounded pride and disappointed vanity, Alice threw the note from her, exclaiming:

“He has forsaken me also; and has scorned the kindness of her whose slightest courtesy once was not unwelcome. Walter, too, is here again, and has past me by, like all the rest—he too has forgotten me!”

The night was far advanced before Alice sought repose. Her dreams were strange and fearful, and the pale, passionate face of the rejected poet stole upon her slumbers, like a spirit from the mournful past.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day found Ernest and his friend again at Walter's dwelling. Lucy looked more wasted than when they parted; a few days had evidently increased her disease—but she was very beautiful, and a smile, long a stranger, played around her joyous lips.



Walter, as usual, was alone in his apartment—and her mother, after cautioning Lucy not to sit too long at the open window, left the lovers together.

"Walter will go with us to Italy," said Ernest, after arranging many plans for the future. "His health is suffering from the life he leads here—and the holy associations connected with that land of song will recall his early enthusiasm."

"His anxiety on my account oppresses him," said Lucy; "but I am fast recovering, and I am too happy to think of danger."

She smiled as she spoke; but Ernest gazed upon her, and all other objects were lost in the sacred contemplation. The moonlight shone full on her transparent face, and gave it that clear, unnatural fairness, which contrasted strongly with the burning circle on her cheeks. Ernest drew her nearer to him, as if he would not now, for an instant, be separated from one who was so soon to be taken from him forever. Lucy seemed to divine his motive, and she continued calmly—

"I have never thought death so terrible—it is not more so than any other final parting with those we love. In truth, there was a time when I looked upon it as a hope, and pined for it as a relief—but that was long ago; before you returned here, Ernest."

Ernest fixed his eyes on her in unutterable fondness, as the secret of her early and unrepaid love was unconsciously betrayed in the last sentence—but he did not reply, and Lucy continued:

"It is a fearful thing to believe, that when we leave the earth, we shall leave also the memories of those whose love we held so precious, and that we shall be forgotten by the friends we deemed so constant. I had that thought once, and it made me very sad; but latterly, since I have been with you, it has entirely passed away. You will remember me—will you not, Ernest?"

"Do not speak thus, dearest," said Gordon; "why talk of death, my beloved, when life promises so much of happiness?"

"Because, at this moment, when I am so happy, I fancy death is nearer than life!" answered Lucy, in a low, sad tone, that fell like a prophesy on Ernest's ear.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Ernest passionately—and while he spoke, he forgot how utterly vain were the hopes he would cherish. "It cannot be, Lucy! You are so young, that the mild air of Italy will yet restore you, and we will return blest, and blessing all around us. We have both known sorrows—but that hour of ecstasy—the hour of your returning health—will repay them all!"

He paused for an answer—but Lucy was silent; and the hand he pressed was cold and still.

He passed his arm round her waist, and her cheek rested on his shoulder.

"Are you cold, Lucy?" he asked. "Answer me, beloved!"

There was no reply—and the form he held, rested more heavily against him. With trembling eagerness, he gently raised her on his arm. Her face was turned towards the moonlight,—its slight color had faded, and the features were calm and motionless as the chiselled statue!

"Speak to me, my own Lucy!" he said, as a

frightful thought came over him. "Say but one word to comfort me!"

There was no sound; but an alteration was visible on her countenance, and the lips slowly parted. These indications could not be mistaken. With a shudder, Ernest laid the gentle form on the couch where they had been sitting, and the lover knelt beside the dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

Months passed, and the name of Ernest Gordon was heralded in the papers of the day, as a distinguished, popular leader in the House of Commons.

A melancholy change came over the spirit of Walter. The death of his sister, followed soon after by that of his mother, had severed the strong ties which bound him to earth, and he shrunk from the observation of man. To him the world was a chaos; and the evanescent allurements of time and sense had lost their frail hold upon his affections. He now sedulously shunned society, and retired to a lonely abode, where visitors never intruded, and where he lived in the strictest solitude. Although, at times, in his wanderings, he appeared among the people of the neighborhood, yet he never noticed or accosted any one. The day was systematically spent in stern devotion to his studies; and when the moon was bright, he sought relaxation in sweet communion with the solemn night. His singularities at length made him an object of apprehension to the simple-minded inhabitants of —; for they had heard him rave wildly of his early disappointments; and it was whispered that a lustre too bright for reason, occasionally lighted up his dark spiritual eyes. As they nightly passed his quiet habitation, they would vaguely hint at some mysterious cause for his seclusion, and point in terror to the pale lamp which shed its fitful glimmerings from the casements of the wretched solitary!

A year had rolled away, when a stranger crossed the threshold. It was the friend of his youth, who broke the solitude of his home. From that hour, he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and the light of the student's dwelling was extinguished forever!

A simple marble column, inscribed with the name of "Walter Vere," marks his resting place; and on it is carved a laurel wreath, the vain reward of the high aspirations of the gifted, yet disappointed Poet.

J. T. L.

## VIRGIL'S TOMB.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

On the steep hill of Pausillipo stands  
The tomb of Virgil. Sacred is the ground;  
Sacred the gale that scatters leaves around;  
Sacred the laurel-wreaths, that pilgrim hands  
From climes remote strow o'er the hallowed shrine  
Of Mantua's bard, the glowing, the divine!  
Precipitous and wild the mountain lifts  
Its shattered summits mid the cloudy rifts—  
And from deep fissures spring the ilex trees,  
With flowering shrubs and ivy overgrown:  
On a lone cliff, more broken than the rest,  
The weary traveller, ascending, sees  
A small, rude building, guarded by the crest

Of a huge rock, beset with scars, yet strown  
 With silver mosses, like the thin grey hair  
 Around the forehead of a warrior old:  
 That aged rock the mountain seems to hold  
 Upon its shoulders, with the pious care  
 Of brave Æneas, as from Troy he bore  
 Father Anchises to the sea-girt shore!  
 There is the tomb of Virgil!—in those walls  
 Robbed of its ashes stands the holy urn:  
 Softened yet clear the morning's radiance falls—  
 There incense-tapers should forever burn—  
 Along the vaulted roof, the winding aisle:  
 There, like a priestess, feeding the pure flame  
 Upon the altar, Evening pours her smile;  
 And there, blue Midnight spreads her starry shield,  
 (Such power, O Pallas, could thine ægis yield?)  
 To guard, undimmed, the splendor of his fame!

## A MERCURIAL VISITOR; WITH VARIATIONS.

"The shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-haired figure,  
 That looked as it had been a shade on earth;  
 Now it waxed little, then again grew bigger,  
 With now an air of gloom, and now of mirth;  
 But as you gazed upon its features, they  
 Changed every instant—to *what* none could say."

[Byron.]

There's many a pleasant thing in this world of our's,  
 reader—at least, so my short experience declares, and,  
 for one, I am not disposed to be cynical, and insist that  
 it is otherwise. I confess that I can find nothing to  
 envy in those, the burden of whose song, from morning  
 till night, is

"'Tis all a tale of falsehood—life is made of gloom;"

those who, with a chilling shrug of the shoulders, solace  
 themselves in their misery, by insisting that others are  
 equally miserable, and, to prove their assertion, do their  
 utmost to render them so. Beshrew, I say, all those  
 impertinent blockheads, whose pleasure it is to sit like  
 the owl, and send forth their hootings, to the discomfort  
 of all whose optics, unlike their own, prefer light to  
 darkness, and who have no longings after the *joy of be-  
 ing miserable*. Let them croak about the

"—woes

"Ill bartered for the garishness of joy,"

if it suits their fancy, but at least let them not force  
 their diet on those who relish it not.

Yet, reader, I am not so far gone in the ways of folly,  
 as to insist that all things are *equally* pleasant. One  
 may enjoy the chirping of the swallow, I trust, without  
 being obliged to pronounce it equal to the varied notes  
 of the mockingbird, as one may derive entertainment  
 from a romance of the day, without reducing to its level  
 those which have stood the criticism of years. "*De  
 gustibus non disputandum*," we are told, and so, reader,  
 do not quarrel with me, when I declare, that to me, one  
 of the pleasantest things which this world affords, is a  
 stormy, blustering night in March, like the one in which  
 I now write. It is cold—yes, bitter cold. The wind is

whistling one of its most melancholy tunes without;  
 now, like the sweet notes of the Eolian harp, sinking  
 into that rich and low cadence which seems like the  
 whispering voice of the one we love—then suddenly  
 bursting forth its notes, harsh and loud, yet still pleas-  
 ing, like those of a rich harp-string, rise higher and  
 higher, until our fancy tells us 'tis the shriek of some  
 poor wretch—that's wandering houseless in the storm.

Hark, what a blast was there! The timbers of the  
 old house in which I sit, still creak with the shock, and  
 the pen seems almost to tremble in my hand. No sine-  
 cure, king Æolus, hast thou, if thy charge be to restrain  
 such unruly spirits as are now roaming over the face of  
 the earth! Where art thou now? Are the keys of  
 thine office resigned in despair, or art thou, unmindful  
 of thy duty, revelling with thy compeers in the realms  
 below? Methinks 'twere reasonable, at least, for thee  
 to have turned the bolt on those restless sons of the air,  
 ere thou startedst to have shaken the birchen wand  
 about their ears, and warned them of the penalty for  
 blowing up such a breeze.

Listen again! There goes the whistle of old Boreas,  
 as his signal to his cousins the zephyrs; and now, away  
 they go, frisking and frolicking over hill and dale, with  
 all the freshness and life and animation of a board-  
 school miss or a sophomore in vacation. 'Tis pleasant  
 to listen to them scampering away—now snapping their  
 fingers in delight at their freedom—now cheering each  
 other on in the game—and now, joining ranks, present  
 the semblance of a fight; but soon, with spirits far too  
 buoyant, break through all restraints, and like our own  
 valiant militia, kicking up their heels, vow to fight on  
 no one's hook but on their own.

Yes, reader, it is pleasant to listen to such music as I  
 have attempted to describe; but, believe me, it is won-  
 derfully improved by an accompaniment. To be en-  
 joyed in perfection, it must be listened to by the noisy  
 crackling of a hickory fire, such as now blazes on the  
 hearth before me—one that goes roaring up the wide-  
 mouthed chimney, and diffuses so complete an air of  
 cheerfulness around. Brightly it burns, and beautifully  
 too; but, no matter, take the poker and stir up once  
 more that glowing bed of coals, and see the army of  
 sparks, bright and shining, that, like spirits, start up at  
 the touch! Ah, there now is a generous warmth that  
 penetrates even to one's heart, and seems to render him  
 kindly disposed toward every living being. Alas! for  
 those who now lack such comforts as a cheerful home  
 and a glowing fire.

Hush! what was that? It sounded like the voice of  
 one in distress—but no, 'twas merely the moaning of  
 the wind, as it swept furiously by. Yet stay—there it  
 is again: "Let me in; let me in!"

"Yes, friend, you shall come in;" and I hastened to  
 the door, but it opened on nought but a roaring wind,  
 and drifting clouds. I hastily closed the door, for the  
 evening air was keenly cold, and had returned to my  
 seat beside the fire, when again the plaintive cry, "Oh,  
 take me in, take me in!" was heard.

"'Tis singular!" said I, as I walked to the window,  
 and again looked forth on the landscape. The sha-  
 dows of the clouds, as they passed over the face of the  
 moon, were flitting rapidly across the fields—now and  
 then some distant window-shutter, blown by the wind,  
 slammed heavily, and a venerable thermometer, that



hung just without the window, grated nervously against the side of the house.

"Can there be any one exposed to the cold to night?" murmured I.

"To be sure there can. Why, in thunder, don't you let me in?" was the answer. I started and looked something like "nine ways at once," but said nothing.

"Ugh, you rascal—hav'n't you any bowels of compassion for me, eh?"

"Yes, friend, and if you'll just give me a glimpse of your bowels, you shall come in."

"Well then, here I am."

"Yes, but *where*?"

"Where! why *here*," you can't see, eh? Well you shall *hear* at least;" and a blast of wind dashed one end of my thermometer furiously against the window, making the room ring with the report.

"Whew! the deuce! Is that you, my old friend? Verily you *shall* come in;" and I raised the sash, and lifted the old fellow from off the hook on which he hung.

"A pretty stiff breeze out, to night," said I, to start the conversation.

"Stiff!" rejoined he; "well, I don't know as to that: but I know *I'm* tolerably stiff. Can't you get me a little nearer the fire, eh? That looks like a passably comfortable berth, there, beside the poker. My dear fellow, (to the poker,) could you possibly make a little room there for me?"

The poker growled a little at being so unceremoniously dislodged from its comfortable quarters, but to console it, I thrust one end under the fore-stick, and, resting the other against the fender, allowed it to swell and expand at its leisure.

"Well, now this is what I call *life*," observed the Thermometer from his resting place, after having shaken the frost from his locks, and indulged in some twenty or thirty yawns. "Some difference between this and shivering out there in the cold."

"I'm glad you like the change," I observed.

"Like it!" retorted he. "Egad, you just go and hang there forty years, as I have done, and see if you wouldn't like a good fire afterwards."

"Forty years! oh, you're joking," said I.

"No joke at all," he replied warmly; "at least, *I* hav'n't found it so, but a most serious and solemn fact, upon the honor of a Thermometer."

"A complete quiz!" observed the Poker contemptuously, from his station under the fore-stick; "why, *I'm* only twenty-five years old."

"None of your impertinence, there!" cried the Thermometer, rapidly rising in warmth.

"You be blowed!" said the Poker coolly.

"Scoundrel, rascal, liar!" screamed the Thermometer. "I do defy thee for a false knave."

"Would you fork the old chap?" said the Poker to me.

"Aye, do it if you dare," continued the Thermometer; "I'm a match for a dozen of you! so come on, old Brazen-Face!"

Up sprang the Poker, and hard struggled the Thermometer to descend from his elevation. "Here, friend," he cried to me, "just unhook me, will you? And whilst you're about it, just turn that screw in the back of my neck—it's a trifle too tight."

I did so, when lo, out leaped the old fellow from his rusty case, and, seizing a pair of dividers that lay on

the table, he brandished them over his head, and yelled forth a fierce defiance to his antagonist. The Poker, nothing daunted, courageously seized the snuffers and bid him 'come on, if he dare!' Then, pale with rage and indignation, became the Thermometer as he advanced to the attack.

Direful was the combat. Brightly flashed the fire from their clashing steel, but still more brightly flashed the fire from their fiercely sparkling eyes! All creation was in an agony of expectation, as now the Poker drove the Thermometer across the room, and then again was obliged to fly in his turn.

"*Habet!* a hit, a hit!" cried old Virgil, from his leather case on the table, as a well-aimed thrust seemed about to pin the Poker against the wall. "*Minime!*" said Sallust, as by a sudden turn of the body the blow was dexterously avoided.

"*Nunc surgite remis!*" solemnly cried Milton, in a deep tone encouraging them both.

"Pooh, what old fool of a pedant is that?" contemptuously sneered Virgil, imagining he saw '*soft saw-der*' in the quotation.

And now were the combatants waxing weary—the Poker, pale with fatigue, and the Thermometer some ten degrees, at least, 'below Jehu'—when the former, in his distress, shrieked out for aid to his friends the Penates, who, at the cry, came rushing on, in flocks innumerable. Alas, now, for the Thermometer! But no! great Jove himself, beholding from high Olympus the fearful odds, forthwith despatched Mercury to his aid, who, in himself a host, came thundering down, and, at one sweep of his potent wand, sent some three score of the *Dii minores*, packing off to the realms of Pluto! The rest stood aghast with terror, which, when the Thermometer saw, he concentrated all his strength into one terrible blow, and leaping on his antagonist, felled him to the ground!

As sometimes on the Appalachian Chain, some mighty gum-tree, monarch of the woods, rent by the lightnings of Heaven, falls heavily to the ground! the earth is shaken to its centre, and the unlucky travellers that are cracking stalactites in Wier's Cave, frightened at the sound, fly for safety to its mouth! so did all the earth tremble at the fall of our friend the Poker, and so did the rats and mice run *howling* to their coverts, terrified at the shock and at the roar of applause which followed.

"Now, old fellow, I reckon you've got it," said the Thermometer, as he stood above his fallen foe; "confess or die!"

"Well, what shall I confess?" said the Poker.

"Why, first, that I'm the most valiant and doughty warrior on earth."

"I'll see you in Guinea, first!" interrupted the Poker.

"Well, then," said the Thermometer, "if your conscience won't permit you to do that, retract your assertion that I have not witnessed two-score revolutions of the sun."

"With the greatest pleasure," gasped the Poker.

"And acknowledge that I *have* witnessed them."

"Yes!"

"Or *ten times* two-score!"

"Zounds! fix the matter any way you like it," said the Poker, "only, for Heaven's sake, let me up!"

"Up with you, then!" said the Thermometer, and

the poor crest-fallen Poker slowly rose and shook off the cinders that had gathered on him.

"*Quos Deus vult perdere,*" &c., muttered he. "A consummate fool was I, to cross weapons with such an infernally vitreous, transparent character as that! A streak of light! pooh, a streak of light were a barn-door target, compared to him. I might as well have tried to pin down my own shadow, or raise a breeze from my consumptive friend the Bellows, as expect to have succeeded in the attempt. Yet I showed myself no coward, I trust!"

I paid the compliment which I saw was expected, and then turned to the Thermometer, who was stalking backwards and forwards across the room, evidently much elated at his success.

"Pretty fairly done, taking all things into consideration," said I to him.

"Oh, a trifle—a mere trifle!" he replied, in a tone that showed he thought it any thing but a trifle. "When I was of your age, such a bout was a thing of almost every half-hour's occurrence. But that was a long while ago; yes, yes, long enough!"

"Then the valiant Sir Poker was wrong in supposing your remark a quiz?"

"A quiz? do I understand you?" and he grasped the dividers.

"Oh, your pardon, sir! I wouldn't wish to intimate any doubt of the fact *myself*; but you know!"

"Yes, I know—I know! Hark you, my young friend! I've taken a particular sort of a fancy to you, for sundry reasons; but don't presume too far! I wear a sword!"

"Ha, ha! that's a good one!" laughed I.

"A good one! eh? Excuse me, my dear sir, but I must take the liberty to tweak your nose, for that last remark."

"The deuce you must!" echoed I.

"In the politest manner imaginable, of course," said he, and he leaped up and tugged away at the aforesaid article, until I saw double, and roared for mercy most lustily.

"Egad, you're a screamer!" I remarked, as he let go his hold, half a mind to kick him out of the window for his impertinence.

"Oh, I beg of you, *keep* the compliment," he replied; "it's needed at home."

"I never resent a hint," said I.

"No, nor a pull of the nose—Ha, ha! pretty good!"

"I can't see the pith of it," I rejoined.

"Very possible, very possible! However, my friend, this is not very profitable conversation—suppose we change the subject. I rapped at your window, this evening, partly because you looked so consummately comfortable here—partly to ask a favor—partly for the sake of giving you a little advice, and partly to deposit in your hands my last will and testament. You smile, my young friend, but it's no smiling matter, I can assure you. Yes," continued he solemnly, and pausing at the end of every sentence—"I feel it—I'm fast going—and soon will this world know me no more. I sometimes tremble, when I reflect how the world will get along without me—and then I partly doubt whether I shall be permitted to depart at all. But Moses and Solomon, Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and other great men, have died, and they say the world turns on its axis about as

often as it did during their lives—though I'm inclined to doubt it myself. However, if *they* died, I suppose *I* must go too. Well, well, '*Ilum fuit*'—Troy fell. It's hard for those that survive—but, my young friend, you must learn wisdom from experience. Quickly will the few more years, that I have to spend on earth, have sped—let me then hasten to perform my duty!"

"Really, my dear sir," interrupted I, "you must have lived long, and must have a tolerably lengthy message to deliver, if two or three years won't allow you to jog on at your leisure. Pray, sir, if I may be so bold, when, where, and in whose company, did your optics first open on this world of corruption?"

"You're right, my friend—it is a world of corruption. But to answer your question, which, as it was asked in a spirit of meekness and humiliation, I take pleasure in answering—"Know then," said he, "and, my friend, expand not your eyes to the saucer size, as you drink in the knowledge, that I date my birth from the 14th of November, A. D. 1638, O. S. I was fashioned, sir, by the hands of the immortal OTTO GUERICKE, than whom a greater or better man never lived. I must ask your pardon, perhaps, for speaking with so much warmth of this man—but I have seen many persons in my life; I have been honored with the inspection of GALILEO and DES CARTES; I have hung in the chamber of NEWTON, and afterwards conversed with LA PLACE; I have been consulted by your own FRANKLIN and JEFFERSON; by the latter for many a long year—all these have I seen and heard, yet still, my veneration and respect for the plain, unpretending philosopher of Germany, has never decreased."

"Really, sir!" said I, "you have been quite a traveler in your day."

"You may well say that, my friend. I have seen much, heard much, and, I trust, reflected more. Ah, sir, if I chose, I could many a tale unfold—but, pshaw! I see the moon peeping around the corner, and soon she will be gazing full upon my station. Excuse me, sir, but I must leave you for the evening."

"Oh don't go—it's not late," I cried.

"True enough," he replied; "but what, think you, would the world say, if, after having faithfully performed my duty for two centuries, I should be found wanting at the eleventh hour? And as for skulking, when Madam the Moon mounts guard, let me tell you, sir, the idea's an absurdity. Besides—confound the jade!—she's one of the most complete gossips that ever reflected on the doings of this world—she plays the very deuce with the character of an old fellow like me, if she can once pick a flaw in it! So, good night! Just hang me once more on my old stand. Gently—gently! for I'm growing old. There, that'll answer—now leave me. Good night to you again—keep cool until we meet once more, and many a pleasant dream to you meanwhile!"

"And many pleasant dreams to *you*!" thought I, as I tumbled into my couch; "though, according to my way of thinking, old fellow, I stand the fairest chance for them."

And, reader, the same to you, sleeping or waking, until we meet again, which, if so be that we part mutually pleased, I trust will be ere long.

Baltimore, March, 1839.

E. R. M.



# FROM MY NOOK IN THE NORTHERN NECK.

Mr. WHITE: Did'st ever visit this most interesting portion of the Ancient Dominion? This land, if not "of the myrtle and vine," yet, of aristocratic ruins and crumbling shrines—where in days gone-by, the princely halls resounded with music and revelry, and where still Virginian hospitality delights to linger. If thou hast not, leave the Messenger to the printer's devil, and join me in a pilgrimage to the monuments of our olden time.

Let us visit each hall and bower,  
Once bright and gay, now wrapt in gloom;  
Explore each shrine and mouldering tower,  
And muse in silence o'er each tomb.

Where'er we turn, on ev'ry hand  
We find some time-worn object nigh,  
And crumbling ruins round us stand,  
To tell us "all is vanity."

Behold yon venerable pile;—  
Its massive walls still loth to yield:  
Stern Time hath spared it yet a while  
To frown o'er that deserted field.

Time was, the eye of beauty glanc'd  
Delighted through its lovely bow'rs;  
And sportive children lightly danc'd,  
Like fairy sprites, among its flow'rs.

And often, with the rosy morn,  
The huntsman issuing from its court,  
O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,  
Pursued in eager joy his sport.

Here too, in silent closet sate,  
The austere statesman, and resolv'd  
Things of vast import, and the fate  
Of nations in his mind revolv'd.

Where now are they? forever gone!  
Each in his turn hath past away:  
Old Hall, thou dost survive alone,  
In mock'ry o'er their swift decay.

Thy offices, raz'd to the ground;  
Thy terraced walks, thy garden-wall,  
In hopeless ruin strew'd around,  
Thou seest, and still surviv'st them all.

Proud old Hall, thy haughty bearing  
Reminds us of some stalwart knight,  
Who, the brunt of battle daring,  
Beholds his sons hew'd down in fight.

Full soon, tho' strong in ev'ry part,  
Thou too shalt totter to thy fall:  
Nor height nor strength, nor human art,  
Can save thee—proud and dark old Hall.

And see! without a fence to check  
The intruding beasts,—its aisles o'ertrod  
By filthy swine—there stands the wreck  
Of what was once the house of God.

Sacred ruin! how sad thy fate!  
Time was, thy grandeur form'd the theme  
Of ev'ry tongue—now o'er thy state,  
Foul desecration reigns supreme.

The wheeling bat, and hooting owl,  
Usurp the echoes of thy roof—  
Thy font is gone, thy altar's foul,  
Thy floor's the prey of ev'ry hoof.

No more thy sacred walls shall hear  
The sound of solemn pray'r and praise:  
No more shall priest or flock appear,  
And here "their cheerful voices raise."

Would that alone, of all thy kind,  
Thou wert thus to contumely given;  
Then might we hope some plea to find,  
To avert the wrath deserv'd of Heav'n.

But ah! throughout this happy land,  
How oft do all, thy fellow see,  
Despoiled by man's unholy hand,  
Defil'd, decay'd, destroy'd like thee!

We turn now to another scene:  
From this hill, in yon field, afar  
Reflecting bright the harvest's sheen,  
Seest thou that mound?—a tomb is there—

A patriot's tomb;—there lies interred  
All that decay has spar'd of Lee:  
Whom "list'ning senates" raptur'd heard,  
Bid proud Columbia rise, be free!

Approach, and view this hallow'd spot,  
Profan'd and trodden by a slave!  
See, those who pass have long forgot  
They move upon a statesman's grave.

Th' encircling wall destroy'd—he lies,  
With nought to bar the cattle's tread;  
The burden'd slave, with labor plies  
His task above the patriot's head.

Virginia!—'tis a lasting shame  
That thus thy noble son should lie,  
Like some dull clown, unknown to fame,  
Or wretch deep-dy'd in felony.

Columns, in other lands attest,  
The conq'ring hero's bloody deeds—  
With trophies wrung from worlds oppress'd,  
His vanity the tyrant feeds,

And rears some gorgeous monument,  
Proof of towns and cities blasted,  
Of blood and gold in conquests spent,  
Of nations by ambition wasted,

But thou! no mark hast rais'd to show,  
Thy thanks to them who did the deed,  
That sav'd thee from the tyrant's blow,  
And left thy soil forever freed.

Peace to thy shade, illustrious Lee!  
Thy country lives, to sound thy fame;  
That country falls, no longer free,  
When she forgets thy glorious name.

"*Aut insanit homo*," &c. &c. say you. I beg pardon, sir, most humbly—but really the fit was upon me, and despite my efforts to avoid it, I have committed—shall I say poetry?—no! prose run mad. Well, "what is writ is writ," and you must take it for better for worse, if at all. I commenced this paper with the intention to give you a sketch of some of the most interesting relics of *antiquity*, with which I have met on a tour through the Northern Neck; but having already occupied more space than falls to the lot of such a rambler, I must content myself with condensing my sketches into notes, to the annexed rhymes.

1st. The mansion alluded to, is Nominy Hall in the county of Westmoreland, the ruined seat of a branch of the Carter family. 'Tis a gloomy old castle of the *Udolpho* style—dark and grey, abounding with corridors and closets, winding stairs and trap doors. It is almost a ruin. Nothing is left but the Hall itself: the offices, laid out on a grand scale, have long since been levelled with the ground; and the materials of what was once the pride of the Carters, are now to be traced in many a hovel, in the shape of "*chimney backs*" and hearth stones, or, "patching a wall to expel the winter's flaw." The avenue from the northern gateway, composed of fine old native poplars, still remains. But 'tis said, the people of these parts have a mortal aversion to fine spreading trees; which under the horrible name of "*shadders*," they extirpate in the most cruel manner: sometimes by slaying them outright; sometimes by the slow torture of *belting*, and lastly and most shockingly, by lopping off every limb and branch, leaving the poor tree standing like a maimed beggar on the road side, an object of commiseration to every passer-by. How often have I seen a royal oak—the lapse of ages chronicled in its trunk; the lofty and wide-spread grandeur of which were enough, one would think, to fright the assassin from his purpose—how often have I seen such a tree, destroyed for no offence, save that it stood on the border of some poverty-stricken field, and cast the shade of its branches over some bumpkin's "*nubbins*." Our noble avenue stands in this dangerous juxtaposition, and we may expect soon to see this last relic of the taste and grandeur of the "Counsellor" Carter, pass away, and the place shall know it no more forever.

2nd. The church of which the ruin is deplored, is Pope's creek church, in the same county. This noble edifice is now reduced to a heap of bricks and mortar. One or two of the arches in the front wall are yet standing, and exhibit a beauty of material and workmanship, seldom equalled now-a-days. It is one of those fine old Episcopal churches, the melancholy ruins of which meet the eye throughout lower Virginia. A few are yet standing in good order, and are used by congregations returning "to the old paths." The spoliation of the others is a lasting stigma upon all who aided in it. The particular church of which we are speaking lies almost in sight of the birthplace of Washington.

3d. The grave of Richard Henry Lee, lies in an open field, as described in the stanzas. The ingratitude of republics is a proverb; and we, as a nation, have done nothing to avert the charge from us. What has America done to reward her warriors and statesmen? What monuments commemorate their heroic resistance of tyranny, their sufferings and their triumphs? A few tardy pension acts, and the "leg pieces" in the capitol at

Washington, are all the tributes their worth has received. We cannot complain, however, that the lesser glories of Lee and Henry, of Hancock and Adams, are not illustrated as they should be, when we remember that no National Monument has yet been erected to the man who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

F. O.

## LETTER FROM MALTA.

A Visit to the Church Yards of Malta—Epitaphs—Monument to Sir H. Hotham—Tombs of deceased Americans.

"The yellow leaves went whispering by,—  
Each in its passage seemed to say,  
Companion, learn of us to die,—  
We go the self-same way."

As a stranger passes through the narrow gateway, by which the Protestant dead are carried to their long homes, he will observe, in the first ground, a small grove of the evergreen cypress—the trees which, of all others, have in such places a grave appearance, and are in accordance with the thoughts of those who sometimes shun the crowded city to ramble and ruminate among the tombs of the English fathers of Valletta. Our only way of entrance was by scaling a wall, which we, with much difficulty, effected. Landing on a marble tablet, it unfortunately gave way under our feet, and lamed one of our party so seriously, that he did not for weeks recover. Leaving our disabled friend seated on the broken marble, we entered a narrow pathway, which skirted around the ground, and through which we found some difficulty in making our way, encumbered as it was with the rank weeds of many a long year's growth. We were all strangers in an English burial place—and as we leaned over a splendid monument, which, placed at the head of the principal avenue, first drew our attention, we noticed, that if there had been a difference of rank in life, there was none in death—for here were the remains of a colonel, and in a line with him was the humble stone which marked the resting place of his bugler, and of some twenty of the rank and file of his regiment. Seeking the grove of cypresses, we found ourselves within a small enclosure, in the centre of which stood four small marble tombs, all of the same size and shape—erected by fond parents to the memory of their departed infants. A few days after their birth they were gathered "to smell sweet, and blossom in the dust," and though of different families, they had all died about the self-same time. How applicable to this melancholy spot are the beautifully plaintive lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"There have been sweet singing voices  
In your walks, that now are still—  
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,  
Which none again may fill."

It has been customary with the Levantines for centuries, on the decease of a relative or friend, to plant near his grave a cypress tree—a custom which we would most willingly see introduced among christian nations.



Who, as a traveller, has ever been at Smyrna, and not visited those beautifully shaded, secluded, and melancholy plats of earth, which border on the classic shores of the ancient Meles?—and who has not admired the site for a burial place, covered, as it now is, with the evergreen cypress and weeping willows, thickly planted among the avenues of the dead? The grave yards of Malta might, from the soil and climate, with but little labor, be made gardens of flowers—while at this day they are but enclosures, as it were, of broken grave stones, half sunken tombs, and dilapidated monuments. There is, however, an excuse for their being in this condition, which we most freely give. Valletta is but a garrison town, and the regiments which are sent from England to this Island remain but two years, and are then ordered to the Ionian Islands—the relatives, (if any there are,) of those who have died within this brief period, immediately leave, the vacancy is filled, and the departed forgotten.

One of the most chaste and classical monuments which we observed in this ground, was of white marble—and as he whose remains it covered, was one of a nation—so it stood, and towered alone. As we approached, the stars engraven upon it, but too well told, even before we were sufficiently near to read the inscription, that it was to the memory of a countryman. Some days after our visit, we heard that it was erected by the present Greek consul, Thomas McGill, over the remains of H. G. R\*\*\*\*\*, of New York, who died at this Island in October, 1811. The beautiful design is as honorable to the one who planned it, as the monument is worthy, as far as frail marble can make it so, to record the virtues of him who tarries beneath:

"Tarry I here, I but attend on death—  
But fly I hence, I fly away from life."

The shaft was, not long since, broken by some idle lads, whom I would name, did not their youth in a measure excuse them. We had it repaired, and it may remain for another score of years, unless overturned by thoughtless boys, or despoiled by older rogues, who at this Island rob the Protestant tombs to sell the broken marble.

While seeking the second ground, which lies in another bastion farther to the south, we hoped that as the burials had been more recent, the tombs would not be found so much neglected—we were, however, in error, as every thing we saw but plainly showed, that if the hand of Time had been busy, that of mortals had proved far more destructive. On entering, encircled as we were with bushes, brambles and weeds, we could not but observe that a different arrangement had been made for the laying out of this yard, inasmuch as all the expensive monuments were to the right by themselves—while the humbler head stones covered the area and left of the yard. This may have occurred by chance, although it savors of aristocracy, even in these habitations of the dead. Most of the tombs were to the military; while now and then we observed one which had been erected to a traveller, merchant, or officer of the navy.

It would seem that the English, of all people in the world, were most fond of inscriptions and grave-yard epitaphs;—we read some which had been well selected from the Bible, and appropriately taken from the

Psalms—but many of those which were original "offended wofully against grammar, taste, common sense and religion. This is not a fault in Malta only, for in England it prevails to a much greater degree." Go with what solemn thoughts one may, into these grounds, it is with no little difficulty he will be able to refrain from smiling while reading some of the doggrel lines, which almost at every step will meet his eye. We give the following, which are passable as compositions. The three first are inscriptions to the memory of soldiers of the 80th regiment:

"The king of kings a warrant sealed,  
And sent it out by Death—  
And charged him to serve the same  
Upon my feeble breath."

"Every tear is wiped away,  
Sighs no more shall heave his breast,  
Night is lost in endless day,  
Sorrow in eternal rest."

"Rejoice for a brother deceased—  
Our loss is his infinite gain;  
A soul's out of prison released,  
And freed from its bodily pain."

On the plain head stone to Mrs. T\*\*\*\*\*, the wife of an American missionary, we saw the following lines:

"Thank God, he gives me the victory  
Through the hand of Jesus Christ."

From a tablet of black marble, placed over a distinguished poet, we extracted the following beautiful lines, translated from the Italian—as true as they are poetical:

"The past! what is it but a gleam?  
Which memory faintly throws;  
The future! 'tis the fairy dream,  
That hope and fear compose,

The present! is the lightning glance,  
That comes and disappears;  
Thus life is but a moment's trance,  
Of memories, hopes and fears."

When we entered the cemetery, which is now being filled, we could not but be gratified on observing the decided improvement which has been recently made in the laying out of this small ground—and of the care which was taken, by men hired for the purpose, in rolling the paths, (beautifully hedged as they are with geraniums,) watering the plants, trimming the cypresses, and guarding the tombs. Several splendid monuments are to be met with in this yard—two of which we will name—that erected to the memory of the late rear admiral Sir H. Hotham, who died in 1833, in command of the English Mediterranean fleet—and the one built by the Hon. Mr. Frere, over his departed wife.

Serving, as the harbor of Valletta has, for the last few years, as winter quarters to the English fleet, this ground is in a measure occupied by those who were in the naval service of their country. From a few inscriptions which we have copied, it would appear that the epitaphs on the tombs of seamen, are as curious as those which were taken from the head stones of soldiers. In

every instance the monuments were placed by the crews of the ships to which the deceased belonged. We took the following lines from a marble :

*To a seaman of the Revenge 74, who died in 1835.*

"Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves,  
Have tossed me to and fro ;  
Yet I at last, by God's decree,  
Doth harbor here below ;

Where at anchor I do rest,  
With many of the fleet—  
In hope once more to rise again,  
My Saviour Christ to meet."

To one of the crew of the "Caledonia," 120—who was killed by a fall from the rigging, while engaged in sending down the top-gallant yards at sunset :

"When I was called unto my duty,  
I fearless went aloft ;  
But Him, that spares neither youth or beauty,  
Was pleased to call me off.

My nerveless grasp gave up its strength,  
And I was forced to fall—  
But who can tell thy mercy's length ?  
For thou art Lord of all."

On a monument, to a seaman of the Rodney, 80, found murdered, was this extract from Job :

"O, earth ! cover not thou my blood."

Even in this small congregation of the dead, we passed a sculptured stone to the memory of a young American. W.

*Malta, July 31st, 1838.*

## THE DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

NO. IV.

### SKETCHES.

The 25th Congress of the United States has at last closed its labors and its existence. Of the good or evil it has done, I shall not speak ; but of some of those who formed it, it may not be uninteresting to give a few brief sketches, for the benefit of such of your readers as may not have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing their parliamentary efforts. I begin with

#### R. H. MENELEE.

This gentleman was a representative from Kentucky, and first took his seat in Congress at the extra session in 1837. During that session he made his *debut* on the floor of the House, on the sub-treasury bill. It was a masterly effort and established his reputation as a parliamentary orator. It satisfied both parties of the superiority of his mind, and the rank he was likely to hold in the body to which he belonged. His fame had not preceded him, and his first effort was as unexpected as it was astonishing. Mr. Menefee does not appear to

be more than thirty years of age ; in person, he is tall, lean and meager ; his hair is light, but worn very thick over his head, which is finely moulded, though he is far from being handsome ; his face is narrow and long—his mouth unusually wide, and his eyes grey, but full of expression. The distinguishing features of his mind are acuteness, strength, clearness, and fertility. He marshals his arguments with much skill, and enforces them with great subtlety and power. He has not the imagination or fertility of Prentiss, of whom I shall speak presently ; but he has more strength, and equal power of analysis. His reasoning is logical, but not dry, and his topics are selected and his arguments arranged with great perspicuity and skill. There is great vigor in his style—his figures are usually strong and appropriate, but sometimes too low. His elocution, though not rapid, is easy, his sarcasm extremely bitter and mordant, and his declamation often rises to splendor. I never saw a person of his age so calm and collected, when addressing such a body, as he appears to be. He stands self-poised and unmoved by the gaze of the House, and generally fixes his keen and sparkling eye on the member he is answering, without addressing himself to the Speaker. In the famous philippic he delivered a few weeks before the close of the last session, on a resolution introduced by Mr. Prentiss, to expel from the House a member, who had published an offensive article in the *Globe*, he kept his eye so steadily fixed on his victim, and rolled out his denunciations with such biting and terrible effect, that after writhing for some time in apparent agony, and unable any longer to endure the torture to which he was subjected, he started up once or twice to call Mr. Menefee to order, because he was looking at him instead of the Speaker. Mr. Menefee's manner is always earnest and impressive. He seldom or never indulges in the humorous, and is more of the philosopher than the wit. As an orator, he is not at all artificial—he neither studies his attitudes nor his action ; both appear to be natural and appropriate. His voice wants melody of intonation, and descends from the higher to the lower tones too rapidly for effect ; while his cadences are sometimes lost in indistinctness. Mr. Menefee's talents are such as to beget the belief, that he will attain to high distinction in public life, should he devote himself exclusively to it ; and become as eminent and useful, as a statesman, as he now is distinguished as a public speaker.

The compeer of Mr. Menefee in oratory, is the highly talented member from Virginia,

#### HENRY A. WISE.

This gentleman, though an older member, is not an older man than the representative from Kentucky. In person, they bear a considerable resemblance to each other. They are both lean and almost fleshless—looking like persons in a consumption. Mr. Wise is not quite so tall, nor his hair quite so light as that of Mr. Menefee ; but his features are more regular, and his eye more expressive and eloquent. Mr. Wise wants the Shaksperian pile of forehead ; but he has great intensity of feeling, which compensates, in some degree, for the deficiency in the imaginative faculty. Mr. Wise's mind is quick and comprehensive ; he seizes upon the weak



points of his opponent's argument, with great facility, and turns them against him with much skill and ability. He depends mainly upon the native powers of his intellect, which has not been very highly cultivated or disciplined. He has not devoted much of his time, probably from the necessity of early action, to the acquisition of knowledge, but his mind is perhaps more vigorous and acute than it would have been, if it had been more polished and enriched with other men's thoughts. He thinks for himself, and thinks deeply. His thoughts, though not often magnificent or beautiful, are nevertheless original and striking. As a satyrist, he has not the delicacy, point and polish of the orator of Roanoke, but he has more vigor and intensity of indignation. He feels deeply, and pours out the overflowings of his indignation in "words that burn," and in language which bears the strong coloring of his feelings. Those feelings are lofty, honorable and delicate, but excitable. His soul seems to loathe and spurn all that is mean or dishonorable in human action. His hatred of vice and political dishonesty and profligacy is innate, and he deals out his denunciations against those he believes to be guilty, whether elevated or humble, with indignant and bitter eloquence. His victim shivers and writhes beneath his lash. He is bold, fearless and independent, and throws out his shafts without regard to the elevated rank which those he aims at may hold in the world. His love of country is intense and ardent, and he looks upon all whose conduct endangers its liberties or tends to cover its character with dishonor, as his enemies, whom it is his duty to expose and denounce. There is, however, the greatest possible difference between Mr. Wise on the floor of the House, and Mr. Wise in the private circle. A stranger would scarcely believe them to be the same individual. While addressing the body of which he is a member, he often seems to be animated by a species of fury, or by some strong and uncontrollable passion—his eyebrows lower, his eyes sparkle with indignation, and his whole countenance and action indicate the most violent mental agitation; while surrounded by his friends, and even among strangers, he is mild, affable and humorous, producing laughter by his *bon mots* and jokes, and laughing himself at the jokes, wit or anecdotes of others. He has a good deal of the irritability of genius, but it is seldom displayed, except in the hall of legislation. In the domestic circle, he is kind, tender and affectionate, and in private, affable and even playful among those with whom he is intimately acquainted. Since his first appearance among the representatives of the nation, he has undergone a considerable change. He is, I think, less intemperate and violent in his manner and feelings, and has more staidness and dignity, but not less energy and vehemence. Every one listens to him with interest, when he addresses the House, because every one is pleased with excitement. Mr. Wise's talents, ardent feelings and boldness of character have given him a high rank in the House of Representatives; but he is *fortunæ majoris honos, erectus et acer*. Though young, he is an expert and able debater—always prepared to attack or defend, as the case may require, and never sparing his opponent, either in the offensive or defensive. He wields the battle axe and mace, and leaves the small sword and spear to those whose ardor is less intense or whose indignation is more controllable.

When Mr. Wise first appeared in the House, some ten years ago, it was thought from his voice and manner, that he was an imitator of John Randolph; but it was soon perceived that he was an original, and afterwards ascertained that he had never seen his supposed model, the great eccentric of Roanoke. "None but himself can be his parallel." He stands alone, often unsupported, and boldly and manfully breasts the fury of party rage, and treats with scorn the denunciations of the minions of power. He has great nerve as well as sensibility, and his fearlessness and independence command the respect even of those who are opposed to him in political opinion and who believe him to be wrong. Like all men of strong feelings, he is generous as well as brave, and he would as readily weep over the misfortunes of a prostrate enemy as over those of a beloved friend. The following short extract from a speech of his, recently delivered in the House of Representatives, will give not only an idea of his temper and the nature of his feelings, but of the style of his eloquence:

"Is it not egregiously unjust," says he, speaking of the conduct of the House to him in relation to the duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley, in which he was concerned as a second, "that any *judge* should pursue this course? I demand a trial. Come when it may I will expose the guilty. The most guilty were the very busiest in arraigning me—the most hypocritical in the hue and cry after the most innocent in that transaction. Put me on trial, and I will then drag from their seats here, and in the other House, the real culprits—the very wretches who instigated that duel—who wept crocodile tears over the bier of poor Cilley, and who got up excitement, the most loathsome, for no end whatever of religion or morality, but for the vilest of political purposes—wretches, who would have dragged the corpse of the victim of their machinations from Washington to Maine, with his heels to a chariot and his head upon the flinty rock, if it would have served the sinister and infamous designs of a *party*. He (Mr. Gray of New York) says the Speaker himself has been denounced as a supple tool of the Executive. Yes, the Speaker has been told to his face worse than that. *You and I know*, Mr. Speaker, what I said: Whenever I had been arraigned I would have given the reasons why I took the Speaker by the arm, as he was leaving that chair, and said to him—'*You are the petty tool of a tyrant.*' Did I mean merely to insult him? No, no—the Speaker was not my man. No, I discharged a high and solemn duty—I defend the freedom of debate and the forms intended to preserve it. When I found the Executive presiding *every where*—when I found the President sitting *there*, (pointing to the chair,) as well as upon the throne in the White House—overstepping the constitutional walls of partition between the co-ordinate departments of the government—encroaching by silent corruption upon the province of this House—I spoke out as Brutus did in Rome, or as Sidney would in England—I will speak or die on all such occasions. When I see the daring or insidious invasion of the freedom and independence of legislation attempted, I will denounce the invader, and denounce the principle of invasion. Why? Because I love the government and prefer its preservation for my children, better than I love any man who breathes. I forget persons, am heedless of

personalities in the struggle to maintain our institutions. I am responsible always, personally and legally, for the language I employ. I bow to the law and the judgment of my peers."

Mr. Wise always speaks what his feelings, rather than his judgment dictate, and seems to take a pride in "calling things by their right names"—which, as a speaker, gives to what he says the effect of sincerity, though it sometimes indicates a want of taste. His style is vigorous, but not polished—his elocution impressive and easy—his action appropriate and not ungraceful—and his voice, clear and distinct, and would always be audible, if he did not sometimes let it fall too suddenly below the proper pitch, at the close of a sentence. As a patriot, a parliamentary speaker, and a legislator, I know of no man of his age in this country who can be ranked as his equal. Though apparently feeble in health, he is nevertheless indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and untiring and ceaseless in his efforts to accomplish what he believes to be conducive to the glory and prosperity of his country. Such a man should always be in the councils of the nation.

Not less eloquent, but less ambitious of parliamentary distinction, is the man he is proud to call his friend—

#### S. S. PRENTISS.

This gentleman made his first appearance at the bar of the House, during the extra session of the twenty-fifth Congress, in support of his right to a seat in that body as a representative from Mississippi. On that occasion he spoke for three days, with a force of reasoning, a rapidity and beauty of elocution, and a splendor of declamation, that astonished all who had the pleasure of hearing him. Mr. Prentiss is small in stature, and has a lameness in one of his legs, which compels him to resort to the use of a staff, on which he rests his deformed limb when he moves—he is, however, said to possess uncommon strength of body, and to have great vigor of muscle. His head is large and out of proportion to the rest of his frame—his features are good, and his countenance, though not what would be called handsome, is not ugly. He is said to be a native of Maine, and commenced life, like most of our distinguished men, in poverty. He taught school, while quite young, in Mississippi, to which he had removed to seek his fortune; afterwards studied law, and soon became eminent at the bar, where he acquired both reputation and wealth. He appears to be about thirty years of age. Mr. Prentiss has all the elements of the orator in him; his mind possesses great fertility and expansiveness; it is logical, imaginative, sarcastic and humorous. The faculties of judgment, imagination, memory and taste, are equally prominent and always exercised, when he speaks. After a laborious train of reasoning, in which he shows his strength as a logician, his hearer is astonished at some apt and felicitous illustration, drawn from history, poetry, philosophy, or romance, which he calls up by the power of memory, and apparently without an effort of the will. His early reading seems to have been confined to the sacred volume of inspiration, with which he is perfectly familiar, and from which most of his illustrations are taken, which are always happy and striking. He has the faculty, moreover, of gliding rapidly from grave to gay, from

the impassionate to the humorous, and from the declamatory to the coolest and most philosophical reasoning. His imagination furnishes him with the finest images, his invention with the strongest arguments, his judgment with the most logical application and most lucid arrangement of them, and his memory with a great variety of incidents and facts, which he has treasured up in the course of his reading and observation, and which he can call up with singular felicity, and apply with great effect. Mr. Prentiss possesses genius, as well as talent; his thoughts are poetical and often beautiful, but always under the control of good taste. His reading seems to have been more among the imaginative than the philosophical lights of the world, and he has read more for amusement than for the acquisition of knowledge. His mind is more excursive than profound—it delights more in the romance than the realities of life, and takes greater pleasure in reposing in the Idalian bowers with Homer, than in communing in the groves of Academus with Plato. His diction is sometimes very splendid, and his elocution singularly fluent, rolling along without hesitation and almost without a pause. His touches of humor and wit are excellent, and his sarcasm exceedingly pungent—sometimes putting the House in a roar of laughter, and at others exciting it to an almost irrepressible burst of indignation. His voice is, however, defective, and his cadences are not always harmonious or pleasing to the ear, and his action is too uniform for grace. Had he the inclination, he would be an admirable debater, but he prefers his own ease to the exertion which eminence as a debater requires. He is, however, more of an orator than a debater. His mind is too rich, affluent, and imaginative for the latter; and he likes to exert his intellectual energies, only when it can be done with effect, and when a sense of duty or the love of fame impels him to the effort. It is to be regretted, that he should find the great political arena of Congress so little suited to his taste, or so hostile to his interests, as to induce him to withdraw from the councils of the nation, and to return again to a profession from which he derives more wealth, if not so much fame, as from the career of legislation, which he has just abandoned, and in which he is so well fitted to excel.

I shall conclude these hasty sketches with that of

#### OGDEN HOFFMAN.

This gentleman, like Mr. Menefee, made his first appearance in Congress, at the extra session in 1837, as a representative of the city of New York. His reputation as an advocate had preceded him, and he soon had an opportunity of displaying his talents in a new sphere and a wider field than any to which he had before been accustomed. Every one who heard him on that occasion, was not only delighted, but astonished at the power of his eloquence and the splendor of his declamation. It was in the finest style of parliamentary oratory, and had not been surpassed for many years in the House. Mr. Hoffman's mind is imaginative and elegant, and his memory appears to be rich in the lore of history, upon the treasures of which he draws with great success, and from which he borrows his finest illustrations. His style is courteous, polished, innate, and sometimes beautiful. His reasoning is never dry,



his argument never tedious. Imagination casts over the workings of his mind a perpetual charm, and strews with the richest flowers, the path his judgment may select. The ear is delighted, and the fancy pleased, while the reason is satisfied. He is a man of genius; his temperament is ardent and his mind poetical. The creations of his fancy, as he rolls along, are often gorgeous and beautiful; he uses no vulgarisms, no low allusions, no trite or common-place illustrations; and his thoughts and images, if not always original, are presented in such a form, and surrounded with such drapery, as to possess the charm of originality. In the highest and most difficult range of eloquence, I mean the pathetic, I should judge that Mr. Hoffman would excel. There is something in the mellow and plaintive tones of his voice, in the excitability of his imagination, and in the nature of his feelings, that must give him great power, while addressing himself to the sympathies and passions of his hearers, and which must render him, on such occasions, almost omnipotent before a jury. His style is rich in rhetorical ornament—perhaps too much so, for classical simplicity; and he employs the “dazzling force of argument,” with great effect. In person, Mr. Hoffman is about the middle size, and his body well proportioned. His complexion is fair and ruddy, his eye blue and indicative of genius, and when he smiles, his countenance looks sunny and assumes the most pleasing expression. His voice is soft and musical, and his intonations are well modulated though somewhat monotonous. His cadences fall upon the ear with the softness of music, and the tones are pleasing even when the meaning is lost. His attitudes and gesticulation are graceful and appropriate, and his elocution unstudied, impressive and fascinating. His style and manner are more parliamentary than forensic; but notwithstanding his acknowledged talents, I fear his habits are too indolent to enable him to retain, though he has reached, a high rank as an eloquent debater, in a body organised like the House of Representatives. He but seldom addresses the House, but when he does, he is always listened to with pleasure; and if he does not always convince, he never fails to please.

Washington City, 1839.

G. W.

### SPRING.

The Spring! the Spring is coming,  
And the birds are singing gaily;  
The busy bees are humming,  
And the buds are bursting daily.

The Mockingbird, with his lively song,  
And his voice so shrill and clear,  
Is heard on my chimney all night long,  
In this season of the year.

The Red bird, with his plumage gay,  
And the gentle cooing Dove—  
The Robin, and the pretty Jay,  
To their mates are making love.

The meadows, with their vernal green,  
And streamlets running clear,  
And buds that everywhere are seen,  
Announce that spring is near.

The pretty lambs, that sporting play,  
O'er fields both far and near,  
Almost seem themselves to say  
The charming Spring is here. W\*\*\*\*\*.

### THEORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

1. Article—“Animal Magnetism”—*Rees' Encyclopedia*.
2. Col. Stone's Pamphlet.

There are few figures to be found among all the treasures of imagery, contained in sacred or profane writings, more strikingly appropriate or more happily adapted to present at one view to the imagination, a clear and living picture of their object, than that which represents human society under the emblem of a sea. The several states of feverish activity and death like torpor, of mad excitement and stupid insensibility, of wild rejoicing and bitter sorrow, ever incident to social life, are the source of ideas closely related to those suggested by the ocean's agitations and commotions; by its hoarse roar, its low mutter, its winds and waves, its calms and tempests. Hence, this relation has been abundantly resorted to, both by inspired and uninspired writers, for illustration and embellishment, and has been the origin of many gems of comparison and metaphor. Indeed, so common is this association of idea, that the ‘sea of life’ is an expression no longer confined within the circle of poetic thought and writing, but has become stereotyped in the more common intercourse of men.

The winds, from which the storms and agitations of this sea originate, are many and various—of different strength, and of different duration. As the waters of the natural sea need the ordinary motion of waves to prevent the stagnation necessarily resulting from constant calms, so the social sea is kept from the decay and corruption consequent upon unvarying quiescence, by the waves of activity and exertion and enterprise, produced by the winds of change and accident. These are in general of so moderate and equable a nature as to serve only to enliven society, and to give an interest to its circumstances and relations. Indeed, they are, to a certain extent, necessary to prevent the dead calm of moral and intellectual stagnation—to impart that life and vigor to the human mind, so essential to the healthful exercise of its faculties. Were man a being exposed to no change—were his moral and physical constitution such, as to prevent him from being diverted from a certain fixed routine of feeling and action, either by the internal workings of his own mind, or by

the influence of external incident—were one day of his life the exact counterpart of another, it requires but little foresight to see that he would of necessity be a degenerating being. All experience goes to show that human excellence, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, must depend for its origin and enhancement upon change, excitement and exigency. Some disturbing agency then is necessary to the animation and purity of the waters of the social sea.

Sometimes, however, there are winds stirring the bosom of the ocean of life, too violent and tempestuous in their nature, to exert a salutary influence. Such are the winds of faction and discord, of war and revolution. The immediate consequences of these are, in general, fearfully destructive and blighting, but are sometimes in some degree counterbalanced by changes of an accidental and adventitious nature, which result in good, after the subsidence of the tempest. For, sometimes, like thunder storms, these convulsions decompose sickly effluvia—the noxious accumulations of centuries, and thus cleanse and purify the moral atmosphere. Sometimes they submerge by their agitation floods of ignorance, bigotry and vice, and bring up from the depths, where modesty and adversity have hid them, the fresh and sparkling waters of intelligence, liberality and virtue. Thus they act like certain volcanoes in arid and sterile countries, which, though, during the period of their eruption, they waste and bear away and overwhelm the scanty growth of the soil, throw up from their deep recesses rich and fertilizing agents, which bury the ancient surface, and thus are made to occupy in place of former barrenness, the region of vegetation.

Again, there are winds, which, like the 'trades,' are periodical in their nature—returning at distant and somewhat regular intervals. To this class belong the winds of speculation, set in motion by the sudden opening of some unoccupied avenue to wealth. These, as far as history shows, have been felt by all nations, and seem to be incidental to all civilized countries. They are, doubtless, always prejudicial, both as it regards their direct and ultimate consequences. To convince ourselves of this, let us for a moment watch the course of one storm of speculation—look at its results in each of its successive stages. The first stage is certainly the least disastrous. During its prevalence, the adventurous barks, whose sails are swelled by the strong but steady breeze, are borne along rapidly and prosperously, and may, if prudence is at the helm, reach the haven of wealth. In this period of the storm all the resulting evil consists in the undesirable general consequences of the voyage which it facilitates. The transfer of wealth produced by such voyages is, as experience shows, not conducive to the general good of the country. It is in most cases removed from where it has

been amassed by industry and care, and where, as a consequence proved by observation, it will most usefully and providently be applied, to be accumulated and enjoyed by those unpossessed of the prudence resulting from a long course of industry, and thus unfitted for its most desirable management. Speculation then, even in this its earliest and most promising stage, is an evil—its very success is prejudicial to the general good of society. Its second stage, however, presents a far darker picture. The prosperous gale rises to a tempest, and the vessels of all subsequent adventurers, multiplied and encouraged by the example of the few first successful voyagers, are dashed, shattered wrecks, upon the shore. Then follows another stage of the social disorder. For, when the ruin of its victims is accomplished, and the storm dies away, a dead calm succeeds. Confidence is destroyed; the arm of commerce is palsied; the channels of gradual and wholesome profit, resulting from regular industry, are impoverished and obstructed, and the face of society is covered with burdensome and unsightly wrecks—wrecks of fortune—wrecks of happiness, and wrecks of character. In time the dead calm too passes away. A healthful circulation again returns. Soon the convulsion is forgotten—a new wind arises, and the same scene is acted anew. This is a faithful picture of almost all speculations.

We might stop here to moot the point of christian duty in regard to the encouragement of speculation, thus proved to be an evil in all its stages; especially in regard to the propriety of taking a part personally in efforts to raise the wind, so prejudicial to the interests of society. The settlement of this question, however, in all its bearings, might well be made the topic of separate discussion, and we must now hasten to the consideration of what is more properly the subject matter of the present article. We ask pardon of the reader for *wading* so far through a windy exordium, before touching upon what is more legitimately before us. We trust, however, that we shall not again be blown so far leeward of our true direction.

Another example of this class of intermitting or periodical winds—the one at which we have been looking through the whole preceding course of generalization, as our ultimate object of investigation—is afforded by those systems of supernatural agency—those unexplained and apparently inexplicable mysteries, which have, in different ages, agitated the popular mind. That treated of in the papers, whose titles appear at the head of this article, (*Animal Magnetism*,) forms the most perfect and important specimen of these systems, and may serve as a type of the whole class. The history of this *delusion*—as most men are, at first view at least, inclined to consider it—is in the highest degree, striking and singular. For an age, it has been making its appearance, at distant



intervals of time and in different countries; under various names, it is true, and differing in some unessential characteristics and circumstances, but distinguished by the same general features and identified by the same fundamental peculiarities. 'La Mesmerisme' of the French, 'Die Verklarungen' of the Germans, and the 'Animal Magnetism' of our own age and country, are all members of the same natural family, possessing trifling distinctions, resulting from circumstances connected with the time and place of their birth, but sufficiently alike to be classed under the same generic division.

We have said that the first impulse of all sound and well balanced minds is to pronounce the whole thing a delusion—to pity the weak and superstitious notions of those who yield it their belief, and to stigmatize its inventors and professors as knaves and impostors. But a closer examination of some of the facts of Animal Magnetism—a deeper investigation of the foundations of their claims to belief, is calculated to shake the incredulity of the soundest judgment. And, indeed, before descending to a critical examination of the facts themselves, evidence of some reality in the case is to be derived from the general history of the system. The repeated revival at distant intervals of time, and in different nations, of one and the same mystery,—always, wherever introduced, characterised by the same distinguishing features; never varying in any important degree from one fixed routine of apparently supernatural agency,—is enough to induce a belief that an explanation is to be sought from some other source than the invention of designing men. Imposture is ever varying and changeable—inventive and constantly in search of novelties—not satisfied with appearing in the cast-off garments of a former age, but eager to shine in a new dress—to clothe itself in a disguise unknown before, and in consequence better fitted for concealment. Hence, as we conceive, the constant reappearance of this old and stereotyped system of wonders—admitting, as it would seem, of no essential change, or remodeling—may form the basis of a strong argument in favor of some origin more fixed than the ever varying conceits of the human mind.

We can by no means, it is true, admit the belief of all the facts submitted to public notice. It cannot be doubted, that sometimes, and indeed generally, the alleged exploits of the *soi disant* initiated, though gaining credit for a season by means of dexterous legerdemain and successful imposture, are finally exposed, and this exposure tends to throw disgrace and derision upon the whole matter. But then it is equally impossible to doubt that sometimes facts occur, which the keenest scrutiny of the most shrewd and judicious minds cannot explain or set aside. Persons whose honesty and integrity no one can question, have for a

time, been the possessors of the mysterious magnetic power, and this, without understanding the nature and origin of the influence they feel themselves to have, and without deriving the least advantage or profit from its exertion. We have an instance now in our mind of a man of known and established character—one who is not only a pattern of morality, but to all appearance a devoted christian, who has found that he has the power of affecting, magnetically, persons of certain temperament. The magnetization has been performed in the presence of several persons of the most unimpeachable veracity, who have attested its actual occurrence. We were originally firmly entrenched in settled disbelief of the whole system of somnambulism. We considered it so absurd—so utterly at variance with all established truth and reason, that we almost felt irritated when its merits were even honored so far as to be canvassed by men of sense and discernment. But we must confess that the instance we have just noticed, supported as it is by evidence of such a nature, as that it is more difficult to repudiate it, than to believe the facts themselves, has seriously encroached on the entrenchments of our incredulity.

The first of the papers, whose titles introduce this article, is an account, prepared for Rees' Encyclopedia of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, as it existed in France and Germany about the middle of the last century. The author seems to consider the whole matter as an arrant imposition, palmed upon the community by Mesmer and his followers. Indeed, he represents Franklin and the other commissioners appointed by the French government to examine the claims of Mesmer, as having proved that the whole thing was a delusion; that in the instances in which he seemed really to have exerted a mysterious influence on those submitted to his manipulations, the imagination of the patient was to be looked to for the origin of the wonder. Now, we are very ready to admit, as we have already stated, that many cases of fraud and imposture may have been detected, and, what is more, that many surprising phenomena might have been correctly traced to the imagination, excited by disease. But is it possible to account for the general belief in the reality of the magnetic influence, which, as the writer of the paper acknowledges, prevailed for a long time throughout France and Germany, and was cherished by enlightened and learned men, without supposing that the pretensions of the system were supported by undoubted instances, of such a nature, as not to be traced either to the ordinary nervous excitement of the patient, or to the trick of the magnetizer? Indeed, the very fact of the formal appointment of commissioners by the French government to investigate the subject, shows the importance with which it had been invested in the eyes of the nation by the testimony in its favor. We freely

confess, however, that a condemnatory sentence in the case, appears at first view, so well to befit a sober judgment, that the decision of Franklin and his colleagues would have set our own mind at rest with regard to the claims of Animal Magnetism, were it not for its revival and the well authenticated evidence in its favor at the present day. Col. Stone's pamphlet affords a very good portraiture of the mystery in its modern garb. We do not adduce the account of his connection with the matter, because we look to it as our principal source of suspicion of the reality of somnambulism. Other cases have served in a much greater degree to influence our decision. But the pamphlet in question contains the only evidence in the case which has appeared in print. Other, and to us more indubitable facts, have reached us orally, and hence, though satisfactory to us, cannot be laid before the public. We would by no means rest the proof of the plausibility of Animal Magnetism on either of the papers under consideration.

We would refer to them rather as sketches of the nature of the system, than as sources of absolute evidence. Indeed, as will presently appear, we write rather to suggest a reasonable method of explanation to those whose own information has led them to suspect the truth of magnetic facts, than to win over those so fortunate as still to have a store of incredulity sufficient to bear them out in charges of imposture and absurdity.

We hold it to be the part of sound wisdom and sober judgment, in relation to such subjects as that under discussion, to stand out against testimony so long as there is any reasonable ground for setting it aside, or even for distrusting it; to resist all arguments in favor of what appears so utterly inconsistent with the common course of nature, until, from the overwhelming weight of evidence, and from the clearness of demonstration based thereon, resistance is no longer a virtue; then, after clearly weighing and closely investigating all the circumstances and relations of the case, to receive so much as true as the undeniable proof embraces, and no more, and to account for and explain this truth, if indeed explanation is practicable, in such a way as shall be most consistent with reason and the sober realities of life. This is the path which we have traced out for ourselves, and which we have attempted to follow. We believe that the feats of many of those who claim the possession of the magnetic influence, are mere tricks and impositions. But then nothing is more natural than that such a system, even if of the greatest reality and importance, should be counterfeited and presented in a spurious form by knaves, either for the purpose of gain, or of exciting admiration. Were we perfectly convinced that such a thing as Animal Magnetism existed, one of our first conclusions in regard to it would be, that there would be innumerable counterfeits and imitations. The detec-

tion and exposure, therefore, of such counterfeits, can form no solid foundation for an argument against the existence of any thing genuine in the matter. From duly weighing these considerations, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to confess, that we cannot disbelieve, at least with any degree of firmness, that there have been instances of the real and *bona fide* exertion of the magnetic influence, to an extent far in advance of any thing that can be accounted for on scientific or metaphysical principles. This impression having been made upon our mind, it is, as we have already said, the part of sound reason to endeavor to think of such an explanation of the matter as shall diminish as much as possible the degree of its inconsistency with nature and common experience. This we have attempted to do, and have so far succeeded, as to arrive at conclusions, which, since they have been satisfactory in some degree to ourselves, we have supposed might be interesting and perhaps useful to others.

Let us consider in the outset what is the tendency as to advantage or injury of Animal Magnetism. Is its discovery as a true system, or, as the case may be, its invention as an imposture, prejudicial or of benefit to the public, and more particularly to the public morals? Is it one of those winds, to return to our original figure, which blow no one any good, or the contrary? The slightest consideration will, we think, decide this question. If the possessor of the magnetic power be able, as he asserts, to gain from the person under his influence, information in regard to any events which are taking place in the world, however distant or retired the place of their occurrence—if he be able to send his sleeping spy to scrutinize the private transactions and conditions of social life, it is at once evident that all secrecy is at an end. Men must live in society with the perfect consciousness that all their doings are, or may be known at any time by others. Here, then, if we go so far as to admit the claims of the somnambulist to this gift of almost unlimited *clairvoyance*, which is the last and least frequent reach of his peculiar power, we have in the outset of our examination a radical and insupportable evil—subversive of the order and well being of society, as at present constituted—nay, if we mistake not, incompatible entirely with the social relations of man. But then that should be taken into account, which has been, to our mind, one of the most fruitful sources of objection to the reality of Animal Magnetism; we mean that, though it has presented itself to public notice repeatedly, at intervals, during the last century or more, it has never at any one time been perseveringly and successfully carried out. Though at each period of its recurrence, its pretensions have been supported and the public attention secured by single and isolated instances of the exertion of the mys-



terious influence, the reality of which has defied all scrutiny to render it doubtful, yet the possession of this influence has never become at all universal—has never been found in more than one or two individuals—and has never been retained for any length of time even by these—has soon been lost by them as singularly as it was acquired, and they with their mystery have disappeared from public notice. The evil then which we have specified consequent on violated secresy, though, as every one must at once perceive, inevitably the result of the general prevalence of the magnetic power, has never, on account of the limitation and restriction of this power, been the source of any practical inconvenience. It is an evil, which the periodical reproduction of the system rather threatens, than occasions.

But there is an evil which is incident to the thing, even in its present imperfect condition, and which on this account is really and practically of a more serious nature than the other. It consists in the tendency which the public exhibition and description of the mysterious influence has to weaken the effect of religious truth and to foster infidel sentiment. Besides nourishing a species of superstition directly inimical to vital religion, the tendency of the system, of itself considered, is to undermine religious belief, and to unsettle christian principle. It has been remarked, even by men of extensive information and liberal feeling, that, were they firmly convinced of the reality of Animal Magnetism, their faith and the foundation of their hopes would be materially shaken. Now, it is true, that we consider such expressions as this as unreasonable, and founded on erroneous views of the matter, and we shall in the sequel resume this branch of the subject, and try to show the error in the case—but then, whether this idea of the consequences of the reality of the system be wrong or right, it shows what influence the thing actually has upon the mind,—that it weakens the conviction of divine truth, and induces doubts of the certainty of revelation.

We have thus entered somewhat at length into an investigation of the effects upon society of the system we are considering, because we think that they afford us, to some extent, a clue to its satisfactory explanation. If these effects are, as we concluded, throughout prejudicial,—if the magnetic gift or power, not only is and may be abused, but can never be anything else but pernicious in its consequences,—if it is a gross and serious evil *per se*, and cannot be so ordered or modified as to result in any good, we have been, and we think that others, taking what has been said into consideration, must be struck with the probable correctness of the notion, that the whole *originates from Satanic agency*. Many may at first be startled by this, and may be disposed at once to reject and ridicule the idea; but let such listen to a

few suggestions which have presented themselves to our own mind, and have strengthened our conviction of the reasonableness of what we have broached. In the first place, let us settle the question whether Satan, if he had the power, would be disposed to communicate such a gift to man. Would he consider it to his advantage, or rather adapting our language more to the known motives of his actions, to the disadvantage of men, to bestow this mysterious ability upon them? This query, in another form, we have already answered. We have shown that the exertion of the magnetic power would, as far as it should become general, be extremely prejudicial to the interests of society, and that, even in its actual imperfect and limited condition, its mere appearance at distant intervals,—the evidence of this appearance being as conclusive as it is,—tends to unsettle and disturb the popular mind, and encourage the growth of infidel sentiments. Effects like these are just such as all the influences which the Evil One exerts upon mankind are intended to produce, and, what is more, to produce which he leaves no means within his power untried. No one, then, will object to the conclusion, that Satan would, if he could, grant this pernicious faculty of *clairvoyance* to man.

This point being settled, let us inquire, again, whether he *can* bestow this faculty. The generality of those capable of judging on subjects of this kind, forming a conclusion from what is revealed in regard to angels and fallen spirits, as well as from what appears to reason, unassisted by revelation, as most probable, have held it as their opinion that Satan, though unable to foretell future events, can know all present occurrences, however remote the places where they happen may be from each other; and that with similar certainty, he can know the situation and characteristic circumstances and relations of men, and of all material things. This knowledge he may arrive at, either from the partial omnipresence of his own mind, or from the number and power of his emissaries,—from the possibility of their being scattered throughout the earth, and of their bringing him instantaneous advice of conditions, changes and events. Possessed of such information, his ability, if not divinely prevented, to communicate it to men, no one, who receives religion as true, will, for a moment, doubt; for we know that our minds are constantly exposed, in a greater or less degree, to his insinuations and deceptions.

As we have already said, the ability of the Devil to instil such knowledge into our minds can only exist in case of no divine interposition,—in case of God's withdrawing all opposing or preventing influence. Now it may, perhaps, naturally be objected to what we have advanced, that the Divine Being, since he exercises a guardian care over the human race—and, of course, as a consequence of his om-

nipotence, has the power to avert the evil, would not permit so ruinous an influence,—especially as this influence, if universally, or indeed very generally exerted, would, as we have seen, subvert the order and arrangement, and even threaten the existence of that system of social relations, which we have every reason to believe God intends to continue as long as man is in his present state of being. This, at first sight, seems a serious objection, but farther investigation will, we think, show that not only are the limitation of Satan's agency and the preventing power of God not inconsistent with our idea of the origin of the magnetic influence, but that the experienced and recorded instances of such agency and the known extent and degree of such preventing power, are exactly analogous and compatible with the nature of the mysterious gift we are considering. God had power to forbid the temptation of our first parents; but, notwithstanding this, in order to render their probationary state complete, and thus to fulfil his all-wise, though mysterious purposes, he allowed it to take place. He had power too to forbid the subsequent temptation of themselves and their descendants in their fallen condition, but this we know from our own experience, he has not seen fit to do.

But, in addition to this, we have instances on record of forms of demoniacal agency, having temptation and moral injury as their object, which are similar, as far as their miraculous and mysterious nature are concerned, to that under discussion. We believe that it is most generally thought by judicious and learned men, that it was through the assistance of Satan that the magicians of Egypt were enabled to imitate the miracles of Moses, and thus to lessen their impression upon the mind of Pharaoh. Again, it is more than probable, that the witches and sorcerers, and those possessed of familiar spirits, whom we read of in the Bible, were but instruments in the hands of Satan, instructed and influenced by him to deceive and tempt the human race. We have instances too of mysterious transactions recorded in profane history, which are best explained by having recourse to the same source. Is it not most consistent with reason and probability to suppose that the claims of the Delphic oracle of Greece, and the other celebrated seats of augury, so much confided in, in times gone by, must have been backed by something more real than the legerdmain of juggling priests and priestesses? Is it not most likely that the fame of the oracles was first established by some miraculous disclosures and warnings communicated to the priests by Satan, or some of his emissaries—and that, though many of the subsequent responses were mere instances of imposture, random guesses and decisions, whose equivocal nature rendered their truth certain, yet that, at distant intervals, the popular belief was con-

firmed by renewed cases of an undoubtedly miraculous nature? Such a supposition is rendered more necessary from a consideration of the learning and refinement of the Greeks at the time these oracles were most resorted to. In addition to this, the claims of the oracular divinity were directly tested. We are told by veritable history, that Cræsus, in order to satisfy himself of the veracity of the Delphic responses, sent by an ambassador to demand what he was doing at a certain time. The Pythian priestess replied that he was cooking a tortoise and a lamb in a vessel of brass. This Cræsus was actually doing in a secret chamber of his palace. Now, if this be true—and we must give up as false a great deal of well accredited history, if we doubt it—we cannot but admit that the priestess had derived, from some source or other, a temporary power of what in modern times we call clairvoyance; for we cannot believe that so powerful and sagacious a king as Cræsus should not have conducted the experiment in such a way as to prevent all collusion or imposition. Indeed we are inclined to suspect that there are many such instances recorded in history, in case of which it is much more difficult to reconcile it with reason to suppose that they were mere results of trick and artifice, than that they were consequences of the influence of the Devil communicating miraculous information to the deliverer of the response.

There is no cause for believing that what has happened in one age of the world may not happen in another. If Satan was permitted to impart superhuman powers to the old magicians, witches, augurs and oracles, there is no ground for denying or doubting that he may be allowed to exercise his arts upon the modern somnambulist. And here we may observe how well such a view of the subject agrees with and explains the limitations and speedy disappearance of the magnetic gift. God does not permit the inspiration so often to be repeated or so long to be continued, as to make it a serious evil in society, or even to cause universal belief in its existence. Only a few actual cases of genuine magnetism, as it would appear, are allowed at each period of the revival of the system, and all the other examples submitted to public notice are the effects of trick and collusion, instigated, it is true, by Satan, as are all frauds and impostures, but unattended by any extraordinary assistance from him. Finally the whole matter dies away and is forgotten, since all miraculous nourishment and support is withdrawn.

In treating of the probable origin of the somnambulist's gift, we have noticed only the effects of this gift upon the powers of the mind. The physical changes produced on the patient's body—to wit, sleep, convulsive motion, &c.—may, with equal reason, be traced to the same source. If the Devil have an influence over the mind, an influence



over the body being much less important in its nature, can surely be conceded to him. Indeed, we can derive from the scriptural account of his complete control of the bodies of those represented as possessed of devils, conclusive proof of the possibility of both the mental and physical faculties of man being given up for a time to the guidance of his will. The former conclusions, then, being just, the physical phenomena of the magnetic inspiration can present no difficulty in the way of their adoption.

We may then, as we conceive, look upon Animal Magnetism as one of those temptations of the Evil One, which, like all other temptations, is allowed by God to try the age. We need feel no fear as to its universal spread and diffusion, trusting that, like the magicians and sorcerers of old, those who claim to possess the influence will receive but a small measure of demoniacal inspiration, and retain this but a short time. Such then are the ideas which we entertain in relation to this subject. We are still open to conviction of its vanity and unreal nature—and, indeed, would on the whole greatly prefer to find that the affair may all be contained within the limits of the tricks and deceptions of men. But to the views we have now laid before the reader, we must resort, and seek repose of mind and satisfaction in case of settled belief in the fact, that cases of actual magnetic influence have existed. We think that such an explanation is at variance in no point with the history and experience of man, the known laws of his being, the plan of God's government, or the relation he sustains to fallen spirits. The adoption of these sentiments leaves the mind in a state of comfortable rest in regard to the whole subject,—careless, as far as the ultimate interests of religion are concerned, as to its reality, or non-existence, unaffected by any wonder at its being subversive of scientific principle,—and untroubled by any conviction of its irreconcilableness with the truths of revelation.

In concluding the exposition of these views, it may not be amiss to notice certain deductions of a practical nature, which may be made from what has been advanced. If the gift of *clairvoyance* be of Satanic origin, it is manifest that it is not right to encourage those claiming its possession,—that it is by no means proper to subject one's-self to their manipulations, or even purposely to witness their performances. We know that, in ancient times, the people of God were strictly forbidden to have recourse to witches, astrologers, soothsayers and necromancers, or in any way to second, or assist them. One of Saul's greatest sins was his visiting the Witch of Endor, and availing himself of her art. No duty can be more clear than that of resisting and keeping aloof from all the wiles and temptations of the Evil One; for it is evident that, if he makes the system a means of deceiving men

and leading them from the truth, all those who connect themselves in any way with the matter, even in the way of investigation or experiment, are but instruments in his hands for the injury of their fellow men.

Again, the declaration, which we have heard made, that a belief in the reality of Animal Magnetism is directly, and, of necessity, calculated to unsettle a christian's faith, and to destroy the foundations of his hopes, is, we think, not only highly unreasonable, but criminal. We have seen that all the powers ordinarily ascribed to the somnambulist, are analogous in their nature to those most probably possessed by the sorcerers and oracles of old. Their existence in a limited extent, is, we think, by no means inconsistent with any of the revealed attributes or laws of God. Indeed the Scripture leads us to expect, in these last days, just such signs and wonders, adapted to absorb the attention of men, to lessen their faith and respect for religion, and to tempt them to deny the superintending providence of God. In our opinion, a christian, reposing with undiminished confidence upon the omnipotence and all-wise benevolence of Providence, should consider the whole matter, with all its ingredients of deception, imposture and reality, as an artifice of the enemy, permitted, though limited in extent, by God,—as a token of the present depravity of the world, and as an earnest of the near approach of better days.

#### SIEGE OF FORT WHEELING.

In the year 1777, a formidable assault was made upon the little stockade fort, at the mouth of Wheeling creek, on the Ohio, by a large body of savages, under the command of that infamous renegade, Simon Girty. The Indian force, it is said, exceeded four hundred fighting men; whilst the garrison in the fort numbered no more than ten or twelve men, besides a few boys. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, the fort was defended, throughout the whole siege, with a zeal and an intrepidity unsurpassed in backwoods warfare, and scarcely equalled in Spartan history. Girty, finding that all his efforts to reduce the works proved abortive, discontinued his fire, and summoned Colonel Zane, the commandant, to surrender, promising him at the same time, that the lives of all within the fort should be spared, and their persons respected. This offer was peremptorily rejected.

While the negotiation was going on between Zane and Girty, the restless warriors of the latter chief found a hollow log, which they readily concluded would make an excellent substitute for a cannon; and having already in their possession a quantity of howitzer balls, (which they had taken, during the day, from a canoe, in the river, destined to the falls of the Ohio,) they lost no time in entering a smith-shop, hard by, where they found a number of log-chains and traces, which they tied around their wooden gun, to add to its strength.

After making a touch-hole, they dragged this powerful cannon to a point on the high hill in rear of the fort, where they loaded it, and directed its muzzle towards the works. Large numbers of the Indians crowded round the gun, to witness the result of their first experiment in artillery tactics. The fire was applied—the cannon was shattered into a thousand fragments—and some twenty of the anxious Indian warriors were suddenly hurried to their long home. The survivors made an instantaneous retreat, which neither the threats nor entreaties of the disappointed Girty, was able to arrest.

The foregoing account is believed to be strictly true. The following droll and unpretending rhymes, descriptive of this battle, are copied, by permission, from an old manuscript. They are probably from the pen of one who was familiar with the event he describes.

In days of old, near where the bold  
Ohio's waters sport,  
A stockade stood—all built of wood—  
Yclep'd the Wheeling Fort.

The settlers all, both great and small,  
Took shelter in its bound;  
The men were few, yet they were true,  
And dearly lov'd their ground.

A glorious thought, the red men wrought  
Within their boundless ken,  
That they were brave, and they would have  
The fort and all its men!

And ere 'twas long, a num'rous throng  
Of dusky faces came;  
Four hundred men, they number'd then—  
All men of might and fame.

A man was seen,—of haughty mien,  
And painted in relief,—  
To mount a stump, and with a thump,  
Declare that he was Chief!

"Take but a look," proud Girty spoke,  
"At these, my warriors great!  
"A single rush, your fort will crush;  
"Then think upon your fate!

"Surrender now! I make a vow  
"You shall be free from harm;  
"These warriors here, all shrink with fear  
"When Girty waves his arm!"

"Curse on your hoax," cried Wheeling folks;  
"Bring on your warrior braves;  
"And while we live, we'll never give  
"Our fort to such vile knaves!"

Their great array, they thought would fray  
The men within the wall;  
And Simon swore, that in an hour  
The stockade fort should fall.

For many hours, tremendous show'rs  
Of lead the fortress bore;  
In spite of all, no fort would fall,  
Which griev'd poor Simon sore.

Just at this state, big with the fate  
Of men and wooden walls,  
The Indians spied, upon the tide,  
A craft with cannon balls.

Old Neptune's son was seized upon,  
As was his cargo too;  
"These balls," they said, "more blood will shed  
"Than Pontiac ever drew!"

A log was found upon the ground,  
And hollow at the end;  
With mighty pains, they tied great chains  
Around their new-made friend.

And so at length, with wond'rous strength,  
They haul'd it up the hill—  
All with a tact, which did in fact  
Display much martial skill.

Powder and ball, wadding and all,  
Were stow'd into its port;  
And then in haste, its mouth was plac'd  
T'wards th' devoted fort.

The flaming brand, by savage hand,  
Was flourish'd high and low;  
All hearts beat high—"The whites must die!  
"Their coward blood must flow!"

A horrid yell—the white men's knell—  
Re-echoed to the skies,—  
"That wooden wall will quickly fall,  
"And blood will be our prize!"

With souls inspir'd, the piece was fir'd,  
When—dreadful to relate—  
To tell the worst—the ordnance burst,  
And horrid was their fate!

On ev'ry side, the red men died—  
Arms, legs, and scull-caps flew;  
And on that day, a score, they say,  
The wooden cannon slew.

All in a fright they took to flight,  
With sad and mournful hearts;  
And then they swore they would no more  
Confide in white men's arts.

R. S.

May, 1839.

## THE MIND.

How limited in its horizon! how changeable is the mind of man! When engaged in some fascinating pursuit, (as for instance some favorite science,) each one of us thinks that there can be no happiness without it, and we wonder why all other persons do not, also, pursue it—wholly forgetting that different minds are differently constituted with respect to happiness. And even we ourselves, after a dream of a few hours, may quit it with weariness and disgust.

G.



## THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

## I.

All immaterial things have their material types; and the type of God's love is the world-surrounding air, which encompasseth and pervadeth all earthly things.

## II.

The last lines of the Adonais! how singularly do they adumbrate the fate of their author:

"The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven;  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

Shelley.

## III.

The continuance of grief is like that of clouds. When it is very serene, it soon weeps itself away—like the short-lived thunder-clouds of summer: but when destined to last long, it is rarely very violent in the commencement—like the long-continuing clouds of winter.

## IV.

When after a lapse of time we revert to the precise moment at which we first became acquainted with persons, with whom we have since been on intimate terms—who have since perhaps greatly influenced our destiny—we are almost astonished at the indifference which we then felt towards them. Could we have then foreseen the powerful influence which they were afterwards to exert upon our future life, with what deep, with what overwhelming feelings, would we have met them. When thus looking back, from our knowing them so well now, it appears strange, that there ever should have been a time when we were unacquainted with them.

## V.

Save in the wild dreams of his imagination, the poet does not dwell in the present: his thoughts are fixed upon the misty and legendary past, with its numberless thrilling associations; or upon the veiled future, which he mentally figures as an altar to his genius—a temple for his fame.

## VI.

The love of hearing news, generally coincides in intensity with the love of communicating it.

## VII.

Though there be no such essence as destiny, yet some persons are so mentally constituted, that their dispositions will as surely lead them to pursue a certain course of conduct throughout life, as if they had been impressed with the seal of fate.

## VIII.

We frequently have ideas of persons whom we have never seen, as to their figure and appearance, and we imagine some symmetry or agreement between their figures, talents and character. This, in my mind, has been particularly the case with respect to our most eminent men in public life. It may arise in some measure from the associations connected with the sound of the name, (see Blair's Rhet., library edit. lect. vi, p. 61,) or

the name itself of the person. Or it may result from the mental view as to form, which we take of something material or immaterial connected with or appertaining to the person; (for, in the mind's eye, immaterial as well as material things, it appears to me, assume some form, however shadowy,) as, for instance, the leader of a political party appears to our mental sight, in the same shadowy aspect as his party itself does.

## IX.

The desire of fame is given us by our Creator, not so especially for our own good, as for that of others.

## X.

Analogy, with the generality of mankind, is the most convincing mode of reasoning, because it particularly gratifies our strongly inherent love of order. And scarcely any theory is fully and confidently believed and trusted in, unless it be in consonance with analogy.

## XI.

Historians must frequently err in deducing the motives and characters of persons from their actions. For how numerous are the motives that impel us to any line of conduct; how complicated in their intertexture; how frequently are they what no one would guess them to be.

## XII.

We frequently meet with cursory remarks in books, or hear them in conversation, which dwell in our minds long afterwards; modifying our trains of thought, increasing or diminishing our happiness, and thus sometimes influencing the whole course of our life.

## XIII.

The desire of fame in men, is substituted in most women by the love of admiration. But how short-lived is this admiration—even that paid to the greatest belle. Two or three years pass, and her reign is over, being terminated by age or marriage. To be happy, she must never gaze on the future, but must be wholly intent upon the present.

## XIV.

Poets, and other persons of imaginative temperament, are apt to disbelieve the Bible, because the idea there conveyed of the Deity, does not seem to them sufficiently poetical.

## XV.

Men who study the moral, are much oftener found to be superstitious than those who study the physical sciences. One reason for this, is, that many superstitious notions take their origin from the actions and phenomena of animals and other natural objects. Now the natural philosopher understands the cause and operation of these actions and phenomena, which the moral philosopher does not, and he is therefore led to consider them to be supernatural.

## XVI.

Whensoever a person mentions to you a remark made to him by another individual, and his remark is contrary to your knowledge of that individual's character, always inquire what led to his uttering this remark or opinion—what conversation preceded it. For we frequently advocate opinions, and utter sentiments in the heat of argument, which we would be far from supporting in cooler moments. Frequently too, when we hear persons or things rated in any particular point much higher than they deserve, we, through a feeling approaching to indignation, rate them much lower than

they should be placed, and even much lower than we think them to deserve. And so, also, in some degree of the contrary. Dr. Johnson very often acted in this manner.

## XVII.

As every wave of the sea influences each one subsequent to it, so does every idea influence all those subsequently entering the mind, either modifying or calling them up.

## XVIII.

In reading, we almost always identify things, persons and places, with those with which we are acquainted. The whole mental view, however, is not real, but mostly imaginary. Where the described object will not wholly agree with the known one, (which indeed is almost always the case,) our imagination supplies that part which is wanting, so that the complex idea is partly real and partly imaginary.

## XIX.

In memory's deep cavern, how many are the treasured thoughts, which we are wholly unconscious of possessing.

G.

## THE COPY-BOOK.

## NO. VI.

Having long observed the prevalent fashion among our younger writers, (and too often even among the older,) of stuffing and interlarding their (otherwise creditable) pages with quotations and extracts, stringing them into an absurd farrago, an incongruous patchwork, like Sancho Panza's proverbs, without order or relevancy—I, many years since, began to meditate a work, which, being perfectly free from such faults, might (if haply it should survive so long,) go down to future ages, a complete model of style in this particular. The following story is the result of my labors in this behalf, in which (if I am not most egregiously deceived,) I have succeeded in supplying an important desideratum in our literature. The ingenious reader cannot fail to remark the scrupulous care with which I have steered clear of the error of which I complain. It is true, a number of favorite passages, out of our best authors, in prose and in verse, (and some of them very apt to the matter in hand,) occurred to me while writing this story; but I had an *object* before me, and I was not to be diverted from it, either by the syren voice of habit on the one side, or example on the other. "It is (in the opinion of the poet Crabbe,) sufficient for an author, that he uses not the words or ideas of another *without acknowledgment*, and this, (says he) and no more than this, I mean by disclaiming debts of the kind; yet resemblances are sometimes so very striking, that it requires faith in a reader to admit they were undesigned."

The expression in a following page,—“we stepped softly and cautiously around him,”—I have (while these sheets were preparing for the press,) discovered, bear some faint resemblance to a line of Byron:

“but not before

The ground with cautious tread is traversed o'er.”

I need hardly add, that the consimilarity (which is indeed almost too slight to be worth mentioning,) was entirely accidental.

The phrase, “all ages, sexes, and conditions,” I have lately had pointed out to me, (by an obliging friend, who had the goodness to look over the manuscript,) in the ‘Declaration of Independence:’ “an expression of so particular a kind, that its occurrence to two writers must appear an extraordinary event; for this reason I once determined to exclude it from the relation; but, as it was truly unborrowed, and suited the place in which it stood, this seemed, on after-consideration, to be an act of cowardice, and the lines are, therefore, printed as they were written.” These explanations could be corroborated by my learned friend, M—c—l R—h, had he not unfortunately gone out on the late Exploring Expedition. “But I trust the reader will give me credit.”

## THE BUFFALO BAITING.

“Where mightiest of the beasts of chase,  
That roam in woody Caledon,  
Crashing the forest in his race,  
The mountain bull comes thundering on.” *Scott.*

“The flood is angry, sheriff;  
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree.” *John Kemble.*

“When wild, they are a fierce and formidable race; and there is no method of escaping them, but by climbing some immense tree. A tree of moderate size would be no security, for he can easily break them down; and many travellers have been instantly gored to death, and then trampled to pieces by their feet.”—[*Mrs. Trimmer's Nat. His., Art. Bison.*]

When I was a small boy at school, under a teacher who predominated over us with a most despotic rod, we one day heard that a buffalo had come to town, and was going to have a most grand battle-royal with a whole parcel of bull-dogs. The news created a prodigious sensation—nothing was ever so enchanting. In accordance with the bill of rights, which recommends a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, throwing ourselves back upon our reserved rights, a large and respectable number of us resolved, in the gloomy recesses of minds capacious of such things, to go it or bust; in three words, we played truant. True, as we set off we had our misgivings, our doubts, our forebodings; but, gay creatures of the element, insects on the wing, we careered in the balmy sunshine of the present hour, postponing all thought of the winter of our discontent; and all the clouds that lowered o'er our house were in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. It was the sweetest of all possible summer mornings, bridal of the earth and sky, when we crossed the sequestered little river, (where Pocahontas used to fish for minnows,) in Indian file, along an antiquated narrow foot-bridge,\* (now, alas! consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and numbered with the things that were; fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Hectoris.) On our right flank lay the island—like Robinson Crusoe's, inhabited by goats—the river banks crowned with flowers and foliage, where the honeysuckle, the woodbine, and the wild rose breathed on the liquid air their freshest perfume; the

\* Hector McNeill's bridge.



morning mists hung suspended o'er the water, the sun painting their fleecy skirts with gold; the cloistered thrush, in sere and tangled brush-heap, chanted his orisons, while the mockingbird exulting tuned his melodious pipes in a grove hard by. Oh! it was an oasis in the Zahara of life—one of those particularly green spots in the retrospect of an ordinary existence, to which, in after days, memory will often revert with fond emotion,—and all that sort of thing.

Bill Dangerfield, (I have not seen him for years, but I well remember his mild face and sweet temper,) Bill, inspired by the occasion and the scene, recited like a young Garrick, Toby, or not Toby? that's the question. Tom Beverley followed with, Plato, thou reasonest well, else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality? Harry Mercer informed us that his name was Norval, on the *Grampian hills*—to which I replied, but no where else; and brought up the rear with *Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*; translating it—Tityrus, O thou, recubing under the tegmen of a patulous fagian. Happy group! the mildew had not yet fallen on our young hearts! happy hours! *heu quantum fugaces!* We at length reached the scene of action; there stood Bison, as large as life—aloft in awful state, the warlike varmint stood; he stood in the centre of an area, which area was encircled by a barrier of rope—outside of which rope the spectators were to stand. Bison was made fast by a ring in his nose, and a stout cord to a stake planted in the centre of the area aforesaid. He excited our warmest admiration. He was the first of the species we had seen: we were happy of his acquaintance; still we were disposed to keep up a certain degree of ceremony with him; sudden intimacies are not to be approved of, especially with strangers from a distance. We stepped softly and cautiously around him, and reconnoitred his outlandish form, his short peculiar tail, his extrordinary hump, his eyes glittering like diamonds, fierce as ten furies, black as two o'clock at night, and savage as a meat axe: *monstrum, ingens*.

By this time had assembled a large concourse of people, of all ages, sexes, and conditions; white, black, and mulatto; good, bad, and indifferent; men, women, and children; tag, rag, and bobtail:

Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,—  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.  
The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are standing round;  
Long ere the first loud bull-dog's note is heard,  
No vacant space for lated wight is found.

The butchers now stood ready to cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war. Hushed is the din of tongues. On that memorable day, I had on, for the first time, a pair of new blue breeches, (rather an epoch,) adorned with bell-buttons. I felt all the pleasing consciousness and individual satisfaction, which a circumstance so novel and so agreeable would naturally inspire, and strutted about pretty large; with my hands in the new and unaccustomed pockets, I decorated and cheered the elevated sphere, I just began to move in, glittering (that is the bell-buttons,) like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy.

The fight began: when lo!

The den expands, and Expectation mute,  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls,—  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot,  
The sand,—nor blindly rushes on his foe;  
Here, there, he points his threat'ning front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

The dogs rushed to the onset, and furious every bulldog barked, to join the dreadful revelry. Bison stampeded, bellowed, reared up, fore and aft; poor fellow, they tore his nose awfully, but not with impunity; one of them, (a brindle,) he slung right up in the air, perpendicular, over his head, fifteen feet; and the way he yelped was curious—and when he landed, he lay there as limber as a dish-rag.

On foams *Bison*, but not unscathed he goes;  
Streams from his flank, the crimson torrent clear;  
He flies, he wheels distracted with his throes;  
*Dog follows dog, bow, wow*, loud bellowings speak his woes.

When the buffalo made a dash at the dogs, the crowd gave way before him—and when he rushed on the other side, they closed up again behind him—thus receding and advancing like a wave of the sea, on Tampa's lonely shore.

One gallant *dog* is stretched a mangled corse;  
Another, (hideous sight!) unseamed appears,—  
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears,  
Staggering, but stemming all.

And the way the folks hustled and jostled, and got rammed, and crammed, and jammed, topsy-turvy, pell-mell, and higgledy-piggledy, was no body's business. And among 'em they pretty near mashed off one of my toes, (it had the worst kind of a stone-bruise on it, where I stumpt it playing bandy—it was the next to my little toe on my left foot, or my right—I won't be positive.) In view of all these facts and circumstances, (and being always of a *retired* disposition,) I determined to climb up a tall cedar that nodded graceful over the field of battle. Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb!—amid the baying of dogs, the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms, and most unearthly roarings of the buffalo, and after encountering immense difficulties in the ascent, (I am no lizard, nor bear, to run up trees,) I at length, with a deal of wear and tear, gained the very pinnacle of the cedar: there I sate like a bird of prey, perched up, 'solitary and alone.'

Our eyrie buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun,  
Like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Wiping off the drops of perspiration (we called it sweat in them days,) that began to course one another down my innocent nose in piteous chase, I enjoyed, with complacency, all the pleasing advantages of my

present elevated position. Secure, I speculated upon the belligerent scene below : I was a looker-on in Venice ; a mere spectator of other men's affairs ;—it was my privilege, *procul e cedro Bisonem spectare furentem*.

Oh ! what a sight it was to see ;  
What a din, what a glorious rattle !  
And I, so snug perch'd up in a tree,  
Had a bird's eye view of the battle :  
Ambition is the hero's boast,  
Therefore I chose so high a post.  
To be calm and cool, is a hero's rule—  
Then tell me pray, in the midst of a fray,  
Where, where could I be so cool as in a tree ?  
And near to the top, I was safe from a pop.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat, to peep at such a world ; to see the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ; to hear the roar she sends through all her gates, at a safe distance, where the dying sound falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear. Thus sitting and surveying, thus at ease, the globe and its concerns, I seem advanced to some secure and more than mortal height, that liberates and exempts me from them all. It turns, submitted to my view, turns round with all its generations ;—I behold the tumult, and am still. The sound of war has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ; grieves, but alarms me not.

But, alas ! I never sought a day's repose but some sharp thorn soon pierced my breast. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream ; a rude sea of hoarse noises assailed my ears ; the buffalo had broke loose—once more through all he bursts his thundering way.

Then rose from earth to sky, the wild farewell ;  
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave ;  
Then some leapt overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave.  
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the *bull-dogs*, and the remorseless dash  
Of *Bison* ; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some *small climber* in his agony.

Then ensued a scene, the like of which no eye hath seen, no heart conceived, no tongue can adequately tell. Stunned with the noise, seized with the contagious panic, I fell, incontinently, headlong down the cedar tree—casting one longing, lingering look behind : and Freedom shriek'd when Kosciuszko fell. In the course of my descent I performed several diurnal revolutions on my own axis, tearing my breeches all to flinders, from stem to stern, battering my head, bruising my shins, and suffering divers abrasions and solutions of continuity in my body corporate, and the integuments thereof—scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized people. Oh ! what a fall was there, my countrymen ; *facilis descensus cedri*. It is the easiest thing in the world to fall down a cedar tree ; *haud inexpertus loquor*—I speak from personal knowledge ; *quantum mutatus ab illo* !—what a change had come o'er the spirit of my breeches ! *non sum*

*qualis eram* : and there lay the climber, distorted and pale : I lay like a warrior taking my rest, with my breeches in tatters about me :

Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,—  
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime !

I lay *ab imo pectore gemens*, resolving in my alter'd soul the various turns of fate below. Darius, great and good, by too severe a fate, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, from his high estate, and weltering in his gore. O, what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall. What shadows we are,—what shadows we pursue !

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

But in the harrowing recollections of that disastrous day, let me not be guilty of ingratitude ; every trial in this transitory life of ours, carries with it some correspondent consolation ; and as coming events cast their shadows before, I comforted my mind by ruminating on the probable nature and extent of two several flagellations—one at home about the breeches, the other at school in respect to my playing truant—of both which I felt the strongest moral assurance, quite as strong as if I had a policy at the Phoenix office. The crowd had dispersed, leaving me alone to my glory. Pinning up the sad relics of my breeches, as well as I could, slowly and sadly I arose, and took up the line of march. Alone to the banks of the slow-rolling Appomattox, fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er. Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow, I turned my steps homeward, softly murmuring to myself,

Oh ! buffalo, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face ?

Petersburg, Va., 1839.

c. c.

## THE TIRED HUNTER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING.)

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Rest thee, old hunter ! the evening cool  
Will sweetly breathe on thy heated brow,  
Thy dogs will lap of the shady pool ;  
Thou art very weary—oh, rest thee now !  
Thou hast wandered far through mazy woods,  
Thou hast trodden the bright-plumed birds' retreat,  
Thou hast broken in on their solitudes,—  
Oh, give some rest to thy tired feet !

There's not a nook in the forest wide,  
Nor a leafy dell unknown to thee ;  
Thy step has been where no sounds,—beside  
The rustle of wings in the sheltering tree,  
The sharp, clear cry of the startled game,  
The wind's low murmur, the tempest's roar,  
The bay that followed thy gun's sure aim,  
Or thy whistle shrill,—were heard before.



Then rest thee!—thy wife in her cottage-door,  
 Shading her eyes from the sun's keen ray,  
 Peers into the forest beyond the moor,  
 To hail thy coming ere fall of day;—  
 But thou art a score of miles from home,  
 And the hues of the kindling Autumn leaves  
 Grow brown in the shadow of Evening's dome,  
 And swing to the rush of the freshening breeze.

Thou must even rest! for thou canst not tread,—  
 Till yon star in the zenith of midnight glows,  
 And a sapphire light over Earth is spread,—  
 The place where thy wife and babes repose.  
 Rest thee awhile—and then journey on  
 Through the wide forest and over the moor;—  
 Then call to thy dogs and fire thy gun—  
 And a taper will gleam from thy cottage-door!

## THE PREDICTION.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

### CHAPTER I.

"Tell me, thou bright minister, whether my name be writ in thy calendar for good or evil."

"Nurse," exclaimed the young Henrie Montauban, (a bright smile lighting up his naturally pensive countenance,) "pray come with me into the green room, and I will show you something so pretty. You will love it, Jacinta. I do, though I never saw it before."

"What does the child mean?" said she, following the quick pace of the boy.

"Look," uttered he, in the wildness of delight. "See! it smiles on me—it loves me! Tell me, sweet nurse, (embracing the melancholy form that stood gazing on the object which had excited so suddenly the attention of the child,) who is it, and when came she here?"

"It is your mother's picture, Henrie."

"My mother!" repeated the lips of the impassioned gazer, reaching his arms as if to clasp the portrait to his heart. "Yes it is—it is she, I know; the same sweet face you told me of, when she took me in her arms to bless me. Oh! nurse, will she stay here always? Can she love me still?"

Tears stole down the withered cheeks of the meek Jacinta.

"She does love you, master Henrie; but it is as the angels love in Heaven;—there I almost think I see her now, without a shade of sorrow on her fair brows."

Tears trickled down the sunny cheeks of little Henrie.

"I wish I could be with her there. Why, if she loved me, good Jacinta, did she leave me?"

"Ah! that was a sad day, master Henrie—it was the heaviest my poor heart ever saw, though it was the same your dear little self was born."

"Will you tell me all about it now? Please, Jacinta—I will be quiet ever after, if you will tell me all she said that day."

"Blessed Virgin! the child talks like he was inspired! How his little breast pants! You are not well,

master Henrie—we will first take the fresh air, and when we come in, I will talk to you about your sweet mother."

They withdrew from the apartment, which Jacinta carefully closed. It was one from which the boy hitherto had been excluded. A succession of childish sports were tried for his amusement, but all in vain. A new spring of emotion was opened in his bosom—the hidden fountain of love, which was to well up forever. The child was no longer to be put off—he again entreated Jacinta to begin her story.

"Ah! master Henrie," murmured the sad voice of his faithful nurse; "it is a sweet thing to be loved even after we are dead, but sweeter still while we are living. Had she felt but one heart twining like the young tendrils around her's."

"Did not every body love her? Did not my father love her?" said the boy, in a low and suppressed tone.

"You ought not to ask such questions; your father is a great man at court; people ought not to speak as they please about great men—they will not like it perhaps. You will be high and noble one day too."

"I sha'nt, Jacinta," he replied, in an imperative tone. "I shall not live at court, as my father does. Who says I will?"

"Father Antonio read your fortune in the stars when you were born."

"Did he?" replied Henrie, a pale hue overspreading his countenance. "What said the stars, Jacinta? Do they love me? Then I may be happy if they do—but I fear that father Antonio who lives in the wizard's tower—he talks with the evil one, Oswald says."

"Holy Mother! hear the child! What would the Baron and father Joseph say, if they heard you going on so?"

"Well, go on nurse—I will be still."

"About the time you were born, your father, the Baron, and Antonio, were shut up in the wizard's tower. My lady was sinking fast, and I sent Oswald to tell the Baron to come to her directly, for I feared the worst. He did not come for a long time, and I asked Oswald the reason. He told me that he looked through the shutter, and saw Antonio moving a great instrument, with which he showed the Baron the infant's destiny, as he called it."

"Did he hear what answer the stars gave to the astrologer?" inquired the anxious boy.

"Oh! yes—he said there was shown the figure of a bright crown on your temples, and signs to tell that you were to receive the honor and submission of men; and all pleased the Baron mighty well, until a cloud came over the brightness—then he looked angry; but the astrologer set his mind at ease by explaining to him what the cloud meant. He called it 'the curse of heresy,' which was to tempt the Baron's heir to disobey the mandates of Mother Church, and ally himself with her enemies. The Baron swore he would guard against this—and said all the vengeance of the Holy See might fall upon his house if a son of his ever departed from the true faith."

The child was awe-struck at the malediction, though he understood little of its import. He asked if his mother liked what was foretold about her child.

"Your mother never cared for the titles of this world. The kingdom that she loved was that of the heart—and

she thought, at that moment, of nothing but the tender life of the babe she pressed to her bosom for the last time."

The heart of the young listener swelled with the intensity of feeling.

"Oh! that I could have been born to love and be loved! I would not be happy, nurse, unless I could make every body I loved so too."

"Who says you may not? Your little brain is turned, surely!"

"But unless I can act as I please, how can I? The dark spirits will do with me just as they please."

"Come, master Henrie, leave off fretting yourself; think of poor Jacinta. If you look cross or say strange things, the Baron will be angry with me, and then who will be sorry?"

"I will never say a word to trouble you, Jacinta. When do you expect him here?"

"Oh! very soon—perhaps to-morrow; and he always watches all that is going on at the castle."

Henrie was the only descendant of the Baron Herman Montauban, a distant branch of the house of Medici, once so famed for its haughty and overbearing pretensions. The Baron, in the days of his youth, could boast of attractions beyond the common herd. Accomplished in all the gallantries of the French court, he added the fascinations of art to the natural advantages of superior personal grace and beauty. Such was the indescribable charm of his attractions, that it might be said he ruled like a wizard the realm of fashion and beauty, without ever appearing to be conscious of his power. And yet under this ingenuous exterior, flowed a current of deep disguise, dark intrigue, and hidden policy, moved by the ever-restless spring of selfish ambition. In early manhood, the heart of the Baron Montauban was not insensible to the passion of love. The beauty of the young Countess de Montfort was like the fresh and dewy light of morning—so new and so inspiring. The Baron saw her—and his feelings were wrought into intense and passionate love, and urged him to brave every difficulty to win so desirable a prize. He foresaw the family prejudice to be overcome—the favor of the father to be propitiated—and, hardest of all, the heart of a girl—whose fondness was all towards a religious life—to be moved and won. No magician ever waved his wand more successfully, than did the Baron ply his scheme of ingenuity to the attainment of his object. The young Countess was borne, like a timid bird, from the sheltering covert to the gay capital, where she mingled in the empty masquerade of pomp, without a single throb of pleasure, except in the smiles of him whose magic spell had won her from the shades of solitude. She too soon found these smiles passing away with the passion which had lighted them. The weary hearted Baroness saw her husband's look grow colder each day, while his days and nights were given to society of which she knew nothing. Her health began sensibly to decline, and the Baron was advised to remove her residence to the castle of Montauban, where she pined in solitary sadness, her seclusion seldom broken by the presence of the master.

Though the Baron was endowed with a spirit of enterprise and endurance, never faltering in the attainment of any end in view, yet there was in his constitutional temperament one weakness—a superstitious fear of invisible beings—which led him to propitiate their

mystical agency in every great event. He frequently visited the wizard's tower, where dwelt the old astrologer, Antonio—and in secret counsel they consulted the horoscope of coming events by the bright luminaries on high.

The approaching birth of an heir to his house, detained the Baron at his castle, for Antonio had warned him that much would depend on casting the nativity of the child. Great preparations were made on the part of the magician in awaiting the eventful moment, and lavish promises on that of the Baron, should the answer of destiny be favorable to the future prospects of his family. The wished-for hour arrived—the Baron hastened to the tower, where the astrologer was fixed with his instruments; and so intently was his mind occupied with the interpretation of the cabalistic symbols, that he heeded not the voice which told him that she who had borne him a son, was sinking in the arms of death. The magician determined to gratify the wishes of the Baron, and at the same time make all subservient to the supremacy of Mother Church. The Baron waited in anxious expectation.

"The star of your son's destiny," said Antonio, "is bright,—it promises power, dominion,—the smile of princes—an alliance with the throne of France."

The wizard paused.

"Enough! wise Antonio, I ask for no more," said the Baron, scarcely able to restrain his delight.

"This is not all, Herman Montauban;—a dark cloud threatens to blot out the fair record and cover the luminary in black night."

"What does it portend? Can it be averted by human power?" exclaimed the affrighted Baron.

"It can," returned the other, in a solemn tone. "The cloud denotes the curse of heresy, which alone can blot out the glory of your house."

"Never!" replied the determined voice of the Baron. "Antonio, I swear before these symbols of thy mysterious power, that I will see the last blood of the Montaubans perish, ere a son of mine prove recreant to Holy Church."

"It is done," replied the magician, taking up the rich purse which the Baron had laid on the table, and slowly leaving the apartment.

"Yes! he shall rival the highest," muttered the ambitious father, hastily descending to the chamber of the Baroness. He opened the door without warning. All was still in that dim room.

"Ha! Jacinta—so silent! Where is the heir of the house of Montauban? I hope his lineaments accord with the destiny of the high-born."

The trembling hand of the nurse pointed to the couch where reposed the dying Baroness—and her tears told more than words could express. Montauban started—his mind had been so absorbed in the predictions of the astrologer, that the situation of his wife had passed without notice. Now all too late—the memory of the hours of happiness he might have enjoyed with her, the loveliest in creation, came with the anguish of a scorpion's sting. He rushed to the bed, and seized her lifeless hand—the pulsation was gone. He called her name—her last sigh was breathed, unconsciously, at the sound! Montauban stood a moment by the bed of death, gazing on that placid, heavenly brow. The waves of bitter recollection and regret rolled over his



soul in that brief space. The next minute they were absorbed in the one great passion of his soul, and he turned away with a heart as cold as the pallid clay beside him. His first words were concerning the heir of his future pride and glory.

"Jacinta! my boy has the marks of noble blood. His features bespeak a nature born to command. A nurse must supply the natural aliment of life—let no expense be spared to procure every means of lusty health, that his powers of mind and body may be speedily and vigorously developed."

Jacinta pressed the infant to her bosom, but she answered nothing to the cold words of the Baron.

The Baron only remained at his castle until the obsequies of the Baroness were performed. As soon as decency permitted, he was again at the court, more assiduous than ever in insinuating himself into the favor of Richelieu. With an eagle's eye, he surveyed the political horizon, and saw that his elevation must depend on complete subserviency to the will of the cardinal, whose supremacy was felt alike by the weak young monarch and his court. The first great enterprise of the prelate, was to crush the Huguenots; against whom his cruel nature, now that he possessed the power, exhibited itself in every form of oppression. He found the Baron a supple instrument in his hands, to work their downfall. He was the secret and ingenious negotiator, between the See of Rome and its emissaries, in the work of destruction. It is not surprising, that this agency gained him universal confidence in the spiritual councils, and prepared the way for his obtaining the richest gifts in its power. The hereditary pride of his lineage wrought in the Baron's inmost soul. The coronet which the augury promised, glittered already in his sight, and tasked every faculty of his mind to attain it. He watched the course of events. The Italian dukedoms were, one after another, falling under the dominion of the cardinal. Should his ambition content itself with a ducal crown? His eye looked still higher. The province of Lorraine was in the field of contest, and must soon belong to the throne of France. The prelate would have its bestowment—and it had been already hinted, that it would form the rich dower of his niece, the young Countess De Mailleé. This was a prize to engage the active energies of the Baron. It afforded a field of intrigue, entirely suited to his spirit of under-plotting. An union between his son and the Countess, was already determined on in his own mind, and suggested the idea of immediately visiting the castle of Montauban, and placing the boy under proper tutelage.

It was shortly after Henrie had heard the story of his nativity, that the Baron arrived. The occasional returns of his father to the castle, had not been calculated to win upon the affections of the boy. There was a cold reserve in his manner, and a searching glance of his eye, that made little Henrie always anxious to shun his presence, when he could do so without being observed. On the present occasion, when he saw himself the entire object of the Baron's thoughts and attention, he almost quailed beneath his eye; for there was a vexed and lowering aspect of his brow, as if something gave him displeasure. The fact was, the Baron was totally disappointed in the appearance of his son. Instead of the fresh and rosy cheek, the quick and

bounding step, and buoyant play of the muscles, all betokening the rapid development of the man, which he expected from the early promise of the child, he beheld the languid and spiritless countenance, which bespeaks insidious and radical disease. There was a change in Henrie's looks, but the cause was unknown to his father. He had heard from Jacinta a tale that preyed upon his spirits. He was the subject of a dark mysterious power, whose thralldom was to take from him the exercise of his free will, and make his every action dependant on a blind destiny. This idea, so revolting to his naturally bold and generous disposition, haunted him day and night, and poisoned all the springs of his early pleasures. The Baron thought he could rightly conjecture the cause of his son's decline. He called the nurse to him.

"Jacinta," he said, "Henrie's faculties require exercise. I have been too negligent in this matter. His whole system stagnates in the confinement of the nursery. He shall enjoy a change of scenery—travel among the great objects of nature, and be familiar with things that will divert and surprise him. This will restore the vigorous and healthy flow of his blood, and give animation and beauty to his countenance. Let every preparation be made, Jacinta, for his departure from the castle."

He next called for his confessor, father Joseph—to whom he confided the care and tutelage of the boy—charging him to use every effort to amuse and invigorate his mind, while he kept the great object on which the hopes of his house depended always in view. Father Joseph was eminently fitted to work the purposes of the Baron. Cool, insinuating and calculating, he proceeded silently, but effectually towards the end in view. His stony eye, and abject gait, betrayed not the deep and untiring energy with which he could labor for the accomplishment of the object on which he had set his mind, nor the humble and placid smile, the cruel perseverance with which he could hunt down a victim. The Baron alone knew how to read and appreciate him. They suited each other well, and wrought in concert.

Henrie Montauban was scarcely fourteen years old when the map of his travels was displayed before him. All was strange and fascinating to the eye of the young wanderer. Father Joseph assumed the indulgent friend, as well as the amiable and interesting guide. He directed their course towards the provinces of the Lower Rhine, still picturing to the boy's fancy the romantic beauty with which these regions were invested. Henrie was delighted at the prospect of seeing the feudal castles and monastic towers, whose traditional lore had amused the hours of his childhood and fed the natural bent of his mind towards whatever was tinged with the dark superstition of the times. The monk availed himself of this constitutional trait, to impress more deeply on his pupil's mind a reverential submission to that power, whose frown alone had laid in ruins the ancient seats of princely magnificence and feudal pride, as soon as their haughty chiefs refused obedience to her mandates. Arrived at the ruined crags of Drachenfels, Henrie was on tiptoe to hear the story of its fall—and its narrator took this occasion to work effectually on the fears which he wished to make the groundwork of his future actions.

"Two brothers, who were twins, inherited the ample domains of Drachenfels. It had been foretold at their birth, that one should fall by the hand of the other. Arrived at manhood, one vowed to consecrate his estate towards the endowment of a religious order, and insisted on his brother's doing the same. He refused, defying at the same time the spiritual power of the church. His blasphemy was punished by the pontiff sending a holy crusade to demolish the rebel castle in which the impious heretic had taken refuge, and where he perished by an arrow, shot by the hand of his own brother."

An involuntary shudder came over the young listener, as he heard the conclusion of the awful tragedy which seemed to bear so direct a confirmation to his belief in a dark overruling destiny. The monk marked the effect, and was satisfied that there was one chord by which the bold and independent spirit of the heir of Montauban might be held in check.

They found nightly quarters in the neighboring monasteries, where the inquisitive mind of the boy still found a succession of objects to charm, by their new and endless variety. Thus constant amusement brought again the color to his cheeks, and a renovation in the whole appearance of the young voyager. The thought struck father Joseph that a temporary abode in these regions might be advantageous to his pupil in several respects—and with the next post, he despatched a letter to the Baron, requesting permission to place Henrie under the care of the Benedictine monks, whose monastery occupied one of the loveliest heights of the Rhine, where there was every thing to occupy and please the youthful imagination, without the danger of intercourse with other society than that of the brothers, who would afford their young charge every facility in the attainment of the sciences in which they were known to be so deeply skilled. The Baron highly approved the plan father Joseph had suggested, as being not only most conducive to his views respecting his son, but affording him the agency of the confessor in the immediate prosecution of his designs at the French court.

Henrie was not averse to remain at the monastery. Unconstrained now by the incessant supervision of the confessor, and the associations of his presence, he roamed free and boundless through the enchanting scenes around him without any control; for the pious fraternity were told not to repress his ramblings, while they contributed to invigorate his health or lent buoyancy to his spirits. He soon acquired the favor and confidence of the monks, by the docility of his manner and the readiness with which he mastered the most difficult parts of learning; so that he was considered among them as gifted by nature with a secret key to the mystic lore. They little knew the power of a mind, fresh from a communion with nature, in her most sublime and beautiful attractions.

It happened that he wandered one day into some of the wilder tracts of the mountainous regions stretching out before him, and becoming faint from thirst, pursued the sound of a gurgling brook, hoping every minute to come upon it. It led him, farther and farther, down the opposite side of the mountain, still tantalizing him with its murmur, while he looked in vain for the source. At last he turned suddenly, and found himself on a perpendicular fall in the mountain, and approaching the precipice cautiously, saw that it over-

hung the fountain whose music had cheated him so long. He crept still nearer, and beheld beneath him a dozen little cascades dashing their merry waters against the sun, and hanging wreaths of glittering spray on the narrow arch of bright sky that smiled down upon them. Henrie looked and looked, and almost feared to breathe, lest he should dissolve the enchantment. He longed for a clearer view of the magic beauty, and wound his course around the declivity. What was his surprise, when he descended near the waterfall, to perceive two persons already there. One was a man of middle age, whose venerable mien, at first sight, inspired deep reverence—the other, the one which took deepest hold on his attention, was a young girl, who sported at the side of the elder. In busy pleasure she bent over the tiny flood—her golden locks floating in the mist which slightly veiled her figure, and inspired the beholder with the idea that the lovely being he was gazing upon, was a creature of ethereal mould. While he fondly mused on the apparition before him, she turned, with a look of delight, towards her companion; and now he saw, for the first time, the radiant countenance. It was Hope embodied, whispering happiness and cloudless sunny days. Her eyes were blue as the depths of ether, shining through sunbeams—her voice, as in sportive accents it roused the contemplative sage from his reverie, to share her joy, sounded like the melody of birds in early spring. He came, complacently smiling, to praise the mimic structure she had reared over the foaming current, before another sweep of the tide should destroy it.

"My Gertrude is a happy girl," said the father, in a tone of deep tenderness; "but she must not build her hopes on a foundation as frail as this bridge."

She replied—a bright smile playing on her arched lips—"Yes, dear father, but I can enjoy it while it lasts, you know. I almost knew it would fall the next minute,—but then cannot I build another bridge, and so always be happy? When one pleasure is gone, another will rise, like the bridge, in its place."

"Far be it from me, my child, to dash the cup of thy young life with fear of evil; but sad experience must teach us all that we are pilgrims on earth. The star of our hope must be kindled at the throne of the Eternal, or it will fail us in the days of adversity."

Gertrude's joy was checked, and she listened to her parent's words in silence, for she felt the deep pathos of his voice, though she knew not its cause. The falling shadows reminded the father that it was time to leave the spot whose charms frequently tempted him to linger longer than was wholesome in a humid climate, and he was assisting his daughter to loose her straw hat from an impending bough, with a design of immediately returning homewards, when his hand was withheld, by her suddenly starting and grasping his arm. Her father asked the cause of her surprise—she pointed to the spot where Henrie stood looking down upon them. Perceiving himself discovered, he assumed as much self-possession as possible, and advancing, begged pardon if his unexpected appearance had been the cause of alarm. He then related the accident which had brought him to the beautiful spot near which they were standing. There was a natural grace and frankness in the young stranger that commended themselves, while his extreme youth, and the sensibility of soul which shone in his full



dark eyes, and which had already traced lines of sadness on his brow, won the deep interest of the father, and perhaps a tenderer sympathy in the heart of the daughter. She first suggested his needing some other refreshment than the water-brook afforded, before he attempted to regain the monastery—and when her father kindly invited the weary stranger to spend the night at his cottage, pleasure dimpled her rosy cheek. Henrie might have refused, had he not seen the eyes of Gertrude turned towards him with a kinder welcome than he had ever received before.

The cottage of De Fleurie, (for this was the name of the venerable stranger,) was situated in one of the beautiful vales of Hesse, shut in from the boisterous world by vine-clad mountains. Here it was that the pious Huguenots took refuge from their persecutors, and amongst the number were De Fleurie and his little flock, driven from their beloved France by the proscriptions of Richelieu. This lovely recess was dotted over with the white cottages of the humble followers of the good Huguenot, for whom they had built a habitation in the centre.

Henrie knew nothing, an hour before, of the pastor or Gertrude, and yet his heart could repose on them, even as it used to do on the kind Jacinta, without fear of being deceived. The latter soon drew him from the habitual reserve which former associations had given his manner, (for the innocent and undisguised nature of the young is always disposed to overleap the gradations that suspicion and cold caution teach those who are versed in the school of experience, to observe, in approaching strangers,) so that before they had reached the home of De Fleurie, she knew every incident of Henrie's life, except that one so deeply hidden in his bosom, and whose fearful import gave a gloomy coloring to his whole existence. This he dared not name, though he saw the countenance of his young listener still fixed upon him in earnest and unsatisfied attention. His breast heaved, while a sigh escaped his lips.

"Are the Benedictines unkind to you, master Henrie?" said the girl, touched with emotion at his suppressed grief.

"I have no reason to complain of them."

"Then why are you not happy?"

He gazed at the lovely questioner, and tears were on both their cheeks—but still he could not utter the dark secret. He asked Gertrude if she had always lived in this sweet place.

"Oh, not always—my father once dwelt in France; that reminds me that our country is the same; perhaps we shall like each other still better for that."

"I need no farther reason to attach me to people who have already showed me so much real kindness," replied he, with warmth.

"Ah, my mother!" said the girl; "she is coming to meet us—I must tell her that you are from France—she loves every one there."

She ran to meet Madame De Fleurie, and returned leading her forwards towards the stranger. Henrie was struck with the appearance of the mother of Gertrude. Her beauty had been extreme in youth, and though somewhat faded by time, still filled the beholder with admiration. It was of that sort that reveals every passing emotion, melting with softness and kindling

with joy, like the beautiful sky, when clouds and sunshine are both flitting over it. She received Henrie, as her daughter had said, as one entitled to a warmer reception from the kindred tie of country which bound them all together. After the evening repast was over, Gertrude led their young visitor through the simple, but tastefully decorated apartments of the house, then into the gardens, which all displayed the same pure and unpretending elegance. His spirits grew lighter and lighter in her society; and listening to the floating music of her voice, he lost all fear of evil. The weariness of the day's toil wore away as the hours flew—and when the time to seek repose arrived, he felt little disposed to quit her whose presence alone had power to inspire him with hope. Sleep came to his pillow, but it was in a dream of the rainbow-beauty of the face which had shone on him that evening; and he would have been happy even in sleep, had not the arch of promise been broken again and again by adverse clouds. The contending elements of hope and fear struggled in his bosom, and his slumber was unquiet.

The morning chime assembled the family for prayer—they waited the appearance of their guest, but he came not—breakfast was announced by another bell, and still he did not appear. De Fleurie, thinking that probably the previous day's fatigue had rendered his slumbers deeper than usual, went himself to summon him to the breakfast room. He knocked gently at the chamber door—there was no answer—he opened it, and called the name of Montauban—he heard nothing but the uneasy breathing of the sleeper. Growing uneasy, he approached the bed, and perceived that the unnatural sleep of the youth was caused by a burning fever. He took his hand, and marked the rapid vibrations of his pulse, and the alternate flushings and palor of his brow, all indicating strong excitement of the brain. The pastor was deeply concerned about his state, and stole softly out of the room to give his family warning, and desire that perfect quiet might be preserved, while the fever continued. The little group gathered around to hear the sad news, and every face wore the aspect of distress. Even little Annette stopped her play, and pulling her mother's gown, said, "I and Gerdie will not run and wake the poor boy."

"What a sweet child," exclaimed her sister, (imprinting a kiss on Annette's cheek, while a tear glistened in her own eye.) "You are the first to promise, but we all will help you to make poor Henrie well and happy too."

"Why do you think he is not happy?" said her father, in an altered tone.

"Because he is a wanderer from home and country, without one to love or care for him."

"He has a father, my child—one of the proud nobles of France."

"He may be, father; but Henrie is not proud, and perhaps his father does not love him on that account."

De Fleurie pressed his daughter to his bosom, for her words always fell on his ears like dew on the early flower, and hastened back to the sick chamber. The fever had gained additional strength since he left the invalid, who was now tossing from side to side in wild delirium. His mind seemed to contend with frightful phantoms.

"Destiny! why shouldst thou appoint me splendid

misery? Why chain down my actions to thy dark decrees? A heretic! Say you she is a heretic? She is an angel! I defy all the universe, and you, ye tyrants of the unseen world."

De Fleurie listened to the wild and inexplicable ravings of Montauban. Could they be all illusions of the fancy—or had they some incipient cause of fear as their basis? Hour after hour, he sat alone by his pillow, awaiting with anxiety the recess of the scorching heat which throbbed in every muscle. On the third day, there was some abatement, and so great the collapse of the system, that the pastor, deeply skilled in the physical system, feared for the consequences. However, his fears were succeeded by confident hope, when the invalid opened his eyes with something like natural expression.

"Father Francis, is it you," he said, regarding the pastor with a perplexed look. "Oh! what a dream I have been in!"

The pastor approached him.

"You are still at the cottage of De Fleurie, and have been ill several days."

"Have I?" asked Henrie, attempting to raise himself, and sinking in the effort. "Yes—I feel that I have. What will the monks do, when they miss me? But oh! that dream! Could it have been all a dream?"

"Compose your mind," said the gentle voice of the pastor—"it will all pass away with returning health. Here is some refreshment, prepared by Gertrude—you will be better when you have drunk it."

"Then, she thinks of me! Give me the cup—I will drink it for her sake. Oh! De Fleurie, that I had been born in this valley, to share the lot of Gertrude in making every one happy."

"Remember," replied the pious man, "that ours is the lot of the humble. The great would call our contentment misery. Can you, who are born to enjoy the splendor and renown of a court, envy the poor cottager of the Rhine?"

"De Fleurie," said Montauban, trembling with emotion, "I shall never feel any thing but wretchedness, amidst the splendor that waits on my lot—but you shall know all."

"Not now, Henrie; this agitation may be the cause of difficulties to me, that you know not of, by throwing you into a worse state than that from which I hope you are fast recovering. Let us think of gaining sufficient strength to join the family, whom I now see assembled under the old oak."

"Well, De Fleurie," said the invalid, whose cheeks were already crimsoned by the state of his feelings—"I fear you have found me a refractory patient, but I will endeavor to be quiet to-day, with the hope of joining the little group under the oak to-morrow."

The arrangement was made, and the next day every thing was prepared by the young people in the most comfortable manner, to receive the convalescent. Gertrude fixed with her own hands the cushions, which were to form a seat, with the trunk of the beloved oak for a support at the back; and all being ready, the young people waited in animated expectation of each having an opportunity to contribute something towards the accommodation of their guest. He at length appeared, but so weak, that the whole strength of the pastor was scarcely sufficient to support him. Ger-

trude saw his faltering step, and brushing away the tear which unconsciously was stealing down her cheek, ran to offer her shoulder as an additional aid. It was not all from feebleness, that the arm of Henrie shook, as it reposed on the white shoulder, shaded by the stream of golden hair which fell over it in rich profusion; and his heart vibrated with a quicker motion, as his swimming eyes met the tearful glance of the girl turned towards him in deeper interest than words can express.

Montauban received the kindness of De Fleurie's family with the sensibility of a grateful heart, and grew daily in their esteem and admiration. It was only when conversing with Gertrude, that the eloquence of the eye seemed to supply the place of words—the deep and anxious look, with which he regarded her, spoke a more intense language than the tongue, and acted like an electric chain from one heart to the other—or else, why was it that the silken lash of the young maiden was cast down towards the changing cheek? This was, perhaps, as much a mystery to herself as to us, for Nature does not always reveal her secrets, even to her favorites. To-day, and another, and another passed by, and Henrie's dream of happiness continued. New and engrossing emotions expelled the fearful visions of his early fancies. De Fleurie thought him sufficiently restored to bear the journey back to the monastery, and though concerned at the idea of parting with a youth of so amiable and interesting a character, he still felt constrained to propose his return to the monastery. Henrie acknowledged that he had stayed too long, and that the brethren had reason to be uneasy at his absence. It was concluded that De Fleurie should himself be the guide, and that they should set out early the next day, on the sure-footed mules which are accustomed to these mountain passes, towards the monastery. It was only in determining to leave the hamlet, that Henrie Montauban felt that his only hope in life rested there. The pastor perceived some secret cause of dejection preying on the spirits of the youth, but he could not hope, so far removed were their spheres of life, to afford him any relief; yet as the Bible had enjoined, without distinction, that we should "weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice," he refrained not to offer his humble, but ready help, to remove any difficulty or distress his young friend might be in.

Montauban reflected a few moments, before returning an answer to De Fleurie. "What if the curse of heresy should, by a strange fatality be fulfilled, in his meeting with Gertrude?" The thought was distraction—he shuddered at the possibility—for, as yet, he had never heard what religious sect De Fleurie's family followed.

At length he spoke—

"You are right, De Fleurie. Though born to the noblest titles of ambition, I am miserable. A hidden source of unhappiness broods here, at my heart—a cause, which my free will must ever resist, without the hope of overcoming. The time will come, when you must know all; and then, perhaps, the cup of my destiny may be full. I only ask permission to revisit your cottage once more, before I leave the Benedictines."

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "if it will afford you pleasure."

Henrie pressed his hand, as an expression of his gratitude. A few hasty preparations were completed,



and Montauban advancing, bade Madame De Fleurie adieu. Gertrude had escaped into the open air, and was busily engaged twining a wreath for Annette's hair.

"There, sister Gertrude; he is coming to tell us adieu too," murmured the sad little voice.

Gertrude could not look up or venture to speak, when Henrie bade her farewell, for then the swollen fountain of her heart would have revealed itself. He pressed her slender hand, from which the wreath had fallen unconsciously, and whispering, "We shall meet again—do not forget me," shot through the distance, to where his mule stood waiting.

## CHAPTER II.

The Benedictines heard the tale of their young charge without displeasure, and thought it a fortunate accident which had thrown him on the hospitality of the cottager of the Rhine. They had failed in hearing tidings of him in the neighboring habitations, but fortunately had delayed giving his father intelligence until further search could be made. Montauban endeavored to occupy his mind with a closer attention to study, especially as he found this the ready road to the favor and good opinion of the brethren. Sometimes indeed, his soul would burst away from its shackles, and indulge the hope that he should one day be happy, united to Gertrude; but neither her name nor any thing connected with the hamlet, ever passed his lips—he knew too well the inquisitorial power of the fraternity, should suspicion be awakened.

Time flew by our hero, and bore on his pinions days and months and years, without destroying the one sweet reverie of his heart. At last the long expected summons from his father came for him to appear in the capital. Henrie asked a few days' indulgence of the brethren, before his final leave, to revisit the picturesque scenery which had afforded him so much pleasure. This wish being accorded, how quickly did he fly back to the spot of his romantic adventure. He stood on the highest point of the mountain, overlooking the quiet vale of the hamlet. The revolving seasons had swept the forest of its garniture, and seared the verdure of the fields—but she whom he loved! suppose the blast of adversity, or worse, of death, had passed over her! it could not be.

The dews of evening were falling, when Montauban knocked at the pastor's door. His coming was greeted with the joy of sincere friendship. The family were at their evening meal when he entered. All looked the same as when he left them, except Gertrude. There was a new inspiration about her—a cast of deeper thought—as if a shadow veiled the pure skies for a moment, and then passed away. This rendered her not less lovely, but more celestial in Henrie's eyes. Something repressed the step with which she met Montauban. It could not be indifference—pleasure sparkled in the flush that came over her face, as she saw the full light of his eye fixed upon her, and heard her name pronounced with a low accent, trembling between hope and fear. Another moment told him that Gertrude's heart was his, and this thought lent an animation to his countenance, that made De Fleurie believe his former sadness only a part of his nervous malady.

The evening passed gaily with the whole party, and every one seemed too much occupied in participating the pleasures around, to be observant of others. The pious father alone, could not rest on his pillow: a secret fear had crossed his mind, that Montauban loved his daughter, and that she, though unconscious of the reality, was not insensible to the attractions of the young stranger. He did not hint his suspicions even to Madame De Fleurie; but the next morning he arose with the determination to speak to Gertrude in private, and warn her against the snare which Montauban's attentions and her own heart might lay for her. He called for his daughter. She had already gone out with the young gentleman and Annette. She had promised to show him the grotto her brothers had made for her in the moss glen. De Fleurie was still more dissatisfied. What would he have given that Montauban and his Gertrude had never met! The fact is, that Henrie had sought this opportunity to unburden his heart to the only being in the universe in whom he could feel perfect confidence that every fear and every sorrow of his bosom would be shared by hers. In the effort to bring himself to reveal the dark omens that hung over his existence and rendered the future pathway of life gloomy, he walked silent, and as if unheeding even the presence of Gertrude, who glided softly by his side;—at last, his deep reverie was broken by the merry voices of the children, who had arranged the rural cell for their reception. They descended through tangled foliage to the dell, where stood the fantastic structure, which the triumphant little architects were filling with bursts of wild delight, calling upon Montauban to conduct the queen of the fairy grotto to her throne, pointing to a seat of moss erected by their tiny hands. Montauban could not help participating in their joy, while Gertrude was its object, and re-echoed the strains in which they sung the praises of their sylvan queen.

"Gertrude," said Montauban, when the children had left them, to pursue some other sport—"nature has endowed you with the gift of bestowing happiness—those children are blest when you smile on them."

"Heaven has given us all, Henrie, the power of bestowing and receiving happiness, if we will use it. Can you think otherwise, while you hear the mockbird singing for our entertainment? Even the many-winged insects make all the music in their power for our enjoyment. Our good Creator designed the whole universe to be happy; and it would be ungrateful not to enjoy the blessings he has given us."

"Divine priestess of nature!" exclaimed Montauban, gazing intently on the deep azure of her heaven-lighted eye; "if, indeed, there is bliss in store for me, you, and you alone, have the gift of bestowing it. Until I saw you, Gertrude, existence was to me a load of sorrow, which I seemed destined to bear without sympathy or hope; but you have taught me that there is happiness in sharing our grief with a kindred heart. You pity me, dear Gertrude; those tears tell me that you do—and this thought alone inspires me with joy."

"You must, you will be happy, Henrie," murmured the voice of the girl, scarcely able to suppress the strange agitation of her bosom as she proceeded: "You must be happy, when every thing will contribute to make you so, in the gay court to which you are going."

"Never! never!" exclaimed he, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his heart. "Hear, Gertrude, the dark secret of my destiny. I was doomed by a mysterious power to tread a pathway at variance with every desire, every object of my heart. My nativity was cast by an astrologer, who is capable of reading the unseen mysteries of futurity, and my fears tell me, too truly, that there is reality in his predictions."

Gertrude looked at Montauban, while he was relating the incidents of his future destiny, with a countenance of unutterable astonishment. At last she interrupted him:

"Henrie, is it possible that you are superstitious? Can you believe that the stars know any thing of our destiny, or that any being but the God who made us, can direct it?"

He shuddered, while he replied—

"Listen, Gertrude, before you pronounce me weak. I have always had a consciousness that there is a supernatural agency at work against me, and that my father the Baron Montauban, and his confessor, are only instruments employed for my misery. My experience, thus far, has confirmed this belief; and now, Gertrude, I am going to ask you a question on which hangs more than my tongue can express."

"Nothing that I can say, dear Henrie, shall ever give you trouble—fear not to speak your whole heart to me. Perhaps there is something that I can do to relieve you of this strange delusion."

"Would to Heaven it were," muttered the lips of Montauban. "Gertrude are you a heretic?"

"What do you mean by a heretic? I thought you knew that we are Huguenots, exiled on account of our faith. My father is a preacher of the pure gospel, and does not own himself a heretic, though the haughty prelate, Richelieu, calls him so."

"Too fatal!" exclaimed Montauban. "'The curse of heresy!'—this is now fulfilled—but the warning comes too late. From this hour I war against the decrees of destiny."

Gertrude startled:—

"What does he mean! Oh! Henrie, your words agonize me! Why do you tremble so? Is not Gertrude near you? Did you not say it was my voice alone that could soothe your grief? What must I do to ward off the evil that threatens you? Oh! believe that Gertrude is happy or miserable as you are."

The enraptured Montauban clasped the angelic girl to his heart, and, in spite of the maledictions of fate, vowed to live for her only. He told her of the malignant powers which opposed his alliance with a heretic, of the awful prediction connected with this event, and of the probable loss of every blessing, except that of her love.

"But this is not all, Gertrude," he said; "the wrath of an invisible power may descend on both of us, in an incensed father's hatred. Persecution, perhaps death, may be the fruit of my rebellion against the mandate of the church; and yet I feel, that dying with you is better than living the magnificent, but miserable toy, that a court would make me."

"Henrie," said Gertrude, "I cannot put confidence in these omens; my faith has given me a surer guide to trust in; but I do believe in the responses of nature, and that Heaven does not frown on the union of two

hearts ready to devote themselves to the happiness of each other. Let ours be the love that casts out fear. Why should we dread any thing? Can there be harm in loving each other as we do—without wishing evil to any one in the whole world?"

"Heaven must inspire your words, Gertrude," replied Montauban; "but will you ever think and speak thus? Perhaps many weary days and even years may elapse before we meet again."

"Look at the blue sky that bends over us, Henrie—a cloud may obscure it, but you are certain that it will pass away and leave the bright arch as beautiful as ever. So shall my heart be, through changing years."

The pastor was the first person who met the lovers, on their return from the glen. Gertrude saw that her father was disturbed, and kissing his hand, with the usual morning salutation, passed on, leaving Montauban to tell him the result of their interview. The good De Fleurie, heard with painful interest, a tale which involved so deeply the future peace of his family; and but for his confidence in the mercy of a superintending Providence, he would have trembled at the idea of drawing down the anger of the proud Baron on the humble roof which had sheltered his son, and, in extending kindness, incurred the vengeance due to the guilty only. He found Montauban unmoved by his arguments to dissuade him from thinking of an union with the daughter of an exiled Huguenot. He called for Gertrude, hoping to awaken her mind to the evils of so rash and presumptuous a step. While she listened to her fond parent's words, with the reverence of filial duty, she confessed that it was impossible to sever the bonds of the heart which united her to Montauban. She would obey her father, but she could not forget Henrie—even though in obedience to him, they should never meet again. De Fleurie could scarcely repress a tear in witnessing the emotion of these two young hearts, (separating, as he believed, forever;) and placing the hand of Gertrude in Montauban's, he exacted a promise from both of them that they would hold no communication with each other, until Henrie had spent two years, at least, amidst the gaieties and magnificence of the French court.

Montauban left the hamlet, confident that he should not be forgotten by her whose image would be to him the talisman of hope and perseverance in all his trials. He was wending his way towards the monastery of the Benedictines, when he was overtaken by a horseman. The traveller inquired if he was in the direct road to the monastery, and being answered in the affirmative, passed on. Montauban's curiosity was excited by the appearance of a stranger bound towards his own destination, and he walked on more rapidly. On arriving, he was presented with despatches requiring his immediate departure from the monastery, and appearance at the capital of France. To facilitate his arrival, the express who had overtaken him was despatched. The Baron feared his son might not have thought the first summons so urgent as to hasten his movements—and as the favorable moment to introduce him into the great minister's household might arrive before he was aware of it, he pressed him to lose no time on the way. The aspiring Cardinal had reached the height of his glory, and had places and even kingdoms in his gift. His prime agents, in all these plans of aggrandizement,



were the Baron, and his confessor, Joseph. The statesman wished to attach the former more firmly to his interest; and hearing, through the artful speech of the confessor, of the elegant accomplishments and personal grace of the young Montauban, he suggested to the Baron his wish to see the heir of his house, and, if he answered his expectations, introducing him to the court on the approaching festival. The ambitious father thought he could almost see the coronet glitter on the brow of the future representative of his house, as he marked the high approbation with which the Cardinal surveyed the fine person and noble bearing of Henrie. There was an indifference to rank and titles about the young Montauban, that pleased the minister, who saw all around him restless to obtain favors. Besides this, he found his new favorite skilled in letters—able to unravel the abstruse questions of the schoolmen. In this lore the prelate himself showed some vanity, and boasted of being a patron of learning. He soon elevated Montauban to the first place in his household, and showered on him all the favors that the jealousy of the court, against a new favorite, would permit. Henrie Montauban submitted to be an actor in the pageantry of the court, without an emotion of any thing but disgust and abhorrence; yet from reasons of policy, he determined to conceal his feelings, while the term of his probation continued, and, as far as his conscience permitted, conform to the observances required of him. As soon as the Baron saw Montauban established in the good graces of Richelieu, he began again to move the spring of his ambitious views. He pretended to ask the minister's influence to negotiate a marriage between his son and the young Countess of Artois. The Cardinal fixed his proud and searching eye on the Baron, without perceiving the sinister motive lurking beneath the fair seeming of his words.

"Montauban, how dare you propose an alliance between one of my household and the Count of Artois? You know he is the secret instigator of my enemies. I have hitherto passed him by in my wrath; but I was wrong—he shall no longer be overlooked."

The Baron had gained his end—the Cardinal would select a match for his favorite, and doubtless it would be his own niece, the Countess De Mailleé.

The next day the Cardinal proposed gracing his court with the presence of the young Countess, still residing in the convent of St. Ann's for her education.

"Most noble prelate," said the Baron, "the young lady is reported to be in languishing spirits."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the other; "she has just reached the sixteenth year of her age—the hey-day of youth and pleasure."

"It is said," replied the Baron cautiously, "that the Countess pines with a disease somewhat common to the sex."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"That she has a hopeless passion for her confessor."

"If this be true," said the prelate—ire burning on his cheek—"the Abbess of St. Ann's will rue the day."

"I know only what the many-tongued voice of report says," replied the artful plotter.

The Cardinal was roused to immediate action on the subject, which was all the Baron wanted. He gave directions for the Countess De Mailleé to be conducted to his palace, and arrangements to be made for her pre-

sentation at the court. He sent for Montauban the day before the brilliant spectacle was to take place, and informed him of the distinguished part he was to perform in it; as the most favored of his household, and next the Countess in the heart of the prelate. Henrie evinced his readiness to perform the wishes of his patron, but without that elation of spirit so natural to a young courtier, on being promoted to so proud an eminence. The minister thought it the dignity of a superior mind, and admired his favorite still more for it. It required the penetrating eye of father Joseph, to see, beneath the calm surface of Montauban's manner, the agitation of a mind ill at ease. He knew what was the fervid temperament of the boy—it scorned a cold medium. There must be some concealment of a passion, that occupied his energies and made him insensible to every thing around him.

The hour of the grand *gala* approached, and the retinue of the Cardinal was to receive the young Countess at the vestibule of his palace, and thence conduct her into the presence of majesty. First in the cortege appeared Montauban, distinguished above all the other gallants by the splendor of his costume. But what gave peculiar lustre to his presence, was the symbol he wore on the right shoulder—this was the "order of the holy cross"—composed of the finest diamonds, and only conferred on such as had obtained the highest place in the royal favor. The rustling of silken drapery announced the approach of the Countess and her female train. The envious eyes of the courtiers in waiting, were turned on the young favorite of Richelieu, as he advanced to receive the Countess, who appeared surrounded by a band of young ladies, all brilliantly attired, though none rivalling the magnificence of the Cardinal's niece, the richness of whose dress, marked her out in the glittering throng. A tissue of silver and gold invested her figure, which was of less than middle height, but greatly disproportioned in rotundity, which gave her carriage a most ungraceful stiffness. The costly necklace, composed of pure diamonds, might have adorned a bosom of less earthly swell than the one on which it rested. Yet the face of the Countess De Mailleé might not have been devoid of beauty in other eyes than those of Henrie Montauban, who contrasted it with the almost spiritual loveliness of Gertrude de Fleurie. The Countess's mother was of Spanish extraction, and the daughter bore a resemblance to the race from which she sprung, in the soft and clear olive of her complexion, and the deep lustre of her black eyes and hair. Her lips, cheeks, and forehead, gave the idea of chiselled smoothness and symmetry; and the long silken lashes, drooping pensively over the full orbs beneath, all were beautiful in themselves, and would have inspired the beholder with delight, but for an expression of the countenance, that they were intended to minister to the senses rather than the soul. The Cardinal presented his young protégé to his niece, with the most flattering expressions of commendation. She lifted her languid eyes to salute him. There was something about the young stranger that caught her attention, and soon fixed it in admiration. The manly grace of his person, joined to the modest deference of youth, and the embarrassment which only revealed itself in a deeper crimson of the cheek, were new to eyes which had only gazed on

the dark and artful features of monks and confessors. She smiled in taking Montauban's arm,—his own trembled—and she thought it a charming expression of the timid joy that filled his heart, in being promoted to the honor of escorting her.

The Baron blest the day that gave him so bright a prospect of success—for he could not doubt the augury of the astrologer, when he beheld the Countess and his son advance together to the foot of the throne, greeted by the acclamations of the crowd, and receiving the smiles of majesty itself. Too indolent to reflect, and too weak to resolve, the monarch called upon his minister to award some princely gift to the young Countess, the heiress of the house of Richelieu. But the wary Cardinal knew too well the awakened jealousy of the court, to name, on this occasion, the fairest jewel in the crown, as the portion of his niece, and such was the ample domain to which he aspired. He thanked his majesty for his munificent designs, but declined naming any present for his niece. The king then extended his hand, which was kissed first by the Cardinal, then by the Countess and Montauban—after which the assembly dispersed, and the retinue of the minister conducted the Countess back to the palace.

It was evident to every one that the Cardinal had chosen Montauban as the partner of his niece, though as yet, he had said nothing to either on the subject, for fear of revolting those affections which he wished time to fix by constant intercourse. In the mean time he went into secret conclave with the Baron and father Joseph, with respect to a treaty with the Holy See, for the province of Lorraine, which he wished as the marriage portion of his niece with Montauban. The Baron was anxious for this consummation, because on it hung his every hope; and still he could not help fearing there was no inclination on the part of his son towards the Countess, while her growing attachment for him admitted of no disguise. He could think of no cause for this indifference, but the tale of the love affair between her and the Abby de Lille, whispered in the convent whence she came. He consulted father Joseph. He too had marked the coldness of Montauban, but came to a different conclusion.

"The Countess is not beloved by your son, Baron Montauban; but another is. Beneath the thick-ribbed ice, which seems to encrust his heart, a flame, deep as that which kindles Vesuvius, lives and burns in its hidden chambers."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Baron, palid with emotion. "He is insensible to female beauty."

"Since he has been here, I confess it," replied father Joseph; "but he may have seen some object to inspire love in the solitudes of the Rhine—and the early illusions of the fancy are hard to dispel."

The Baron clenched his teeth at the bare idea.

"Joseph—does surmise only prompt these suspicions, or has rumor whispered this tale?"

"My suspicions are founded alone on the conduct of your son. I have marked that he always avoids any allusion to his residence at the monastery. I have purposely referred to it several times in conversation, and an instant change has come over the spirits of Montauban, while his manner assumed a constraint, as if he were afraid of revealing something which he wished secret from my knowledge."

"Your suspicions, father Joseph, seem preposterous, and yet they fill me with uneasiness."

"Hasten these nuptials with the Countess, before they are verified," returned the father.

"Would to Heaven they were concluded," replied the Baron. "The Cardinal alone has the power of ratifying the contract."

"This is true, Baron Montauban; and still the haughty Richelieu may be forced to resign the Countess and her dowry of Lorraine, into the hands of your son, as soon as to-morrow, if you desire it."

"Are you dreaming, Joseph, or sporting with my credulity?"

"What, if the Holy See make it a condition of the accession of Lorraine, that its new governor pledge himself to take immediate possession for the extirpation of heresy and the establishment of the ancient rites of the church? I boast not my influence with the Pope, but I have power to enforce the ratification of this treaty when I think proper—and foreseeing the evil the remedy is provided."

The Baron looked at the monk as if he thought him endowed with supernatural power to control the destinies of men, while the other enjoyed the only triumph his dark soul coveted—the power of ruling the actions of men so as to effect his own purposes, without employing any visible agency.

The following day the confessor requested admittance to the minister, and showed him the Pope's edict with respect to the occupation of Lorraine. He knew the petulant and vacillating temper of his holy majesty, and that no time must be lost in executing the ceremonies of the marriage between Montauban and the Countess. He desired the immediate attendance of the young courtier, figuring to himself the delighted surprise that would fill his bosom when he should hear from the lips of his indulgent patron himself the high destiny that awaited him.

The prelate was pacing the floor of his cabinet, pleasantly ruminating on the successful issue of this favorite project of his own mind, when Montauban entered. The stern visage of the minister relaxed its usual harshness, as he greeted our hero, who was quite at a loss to conjecture the cause of this sudden suavity in the Cardinal's manner.

"Henrie Montauban," he began, "you are the heir of a faithful son of the church and loyal servant of the state."

"I feel proud, my Lord Cardinal, of this last distinction, both for myself and my ancestors."

"But neither your own merit, let me inform you, young man, nor that of a proud ancestry, can raise you to that high eminence which the favor alone of Richelieu designs for his favorite. The first honor in the kingdom is yours."

"My lord, you astonish me," replied Montauban, standing in amazement—not able to comprehend the prelate's meaning; while dark and undefined forebodings passed through his mind of what this high destiny imported, not without a dread that it was connected with the Countess de Mailleé, whose preference for him was apparent to every eye, and seemed to meet the approbation of the Cardinal.

The prelate paused. Was it possible that Montauban's usual acuteness had not guessed the blessing in store for him! Must he be more explicit?



"Montauban, it is not my wont to trifle—time presses, and I must inform you, in as few words as possible, of the good fortune that awaits you."

"I am unworthy, my lord, of higher honor than that already bestowed on me by your kindness," replied the young favorite, in dreadful suspense. "I should feel oppressed by the obligation of receiving further favors at your hand."

"I know," resumed the Cardinal, "that all gifts are valueless in the eyes of a young lover, except the one that has fixed his heart. What say you to receiving the Countess de Mailleé as your bride, and the rich province of Lorraine as her princely dowry?"

"Reverend prelate," exclaimed Montauban, (grasping the pillar near him, and endeavoring to calm the deep agitation which shook his whole frame,) "it is too late to disguise. Were fortune, life, destiny at stake, I could not accept the honor you design me. I am not insensible to the high elevation to which you would raise me, or to the condescension of the Countess de Mailleé. I know, also, that I must brook the wrath of an offended father—the scorn of the world—not to speak, my lord, of the almost resistless power of your arm, which holds nations at defiance; and still I must, and do renounce all the favors in your bestowment, except this one, which I solicit on my knees—to leave France with the freedom of my own will."

For a moment the minister could scarcely credit his own senses—the next, his eyes shot arrows of scornful revenge at the youth who would dare to countervail his wishes. His proud spirit never stooped to the arts of persuasion or remonstrance, even where he felt most indulgence. The quick vibration of his muscles, and the force with which he pulled the bell, were the only symptoms of his deep displeasure. His call was answered by the man in waiting.

"Let the Baron Montauban be requested to attend me here, as soon as possible."

The waiter perceived there was a storm brewing on the brow of the minister, and withdrew with haste. Montauban's look was fixed on vacancy, and his mind absorbed in the probable consequences attendant on the step he had taken, when the Baron entered. His countenance wore the bland smile of the courtier,—but he no sooner turned from the lowering brow of the minister to the unmoved gloom of his son's, than he hid the keen presage of disappointment in the honied phrase of dissimulation.

"My good Lord Cardinal—and you, my sweet son—I hope no evil foreboding clouds the sunshine of our near happiness, that your visages wear the hue of grief rather than joy."

"Your son, Baron Montauban," said the Cardinal, darting a glance of contempt at Montauban, "declines an alliance with the poor house of Richelieu. He has hopes of a richer coronet than that which glitters on the brows of the Countess de Mailleé."

The Baron struggled hard to command his rage at the folly and madness of his son—but he knew to yield to its force then would have lost him the hope of deceiving his master, and bending his son to the object of his great ambition. He said nothing to Montauban, but besought the Cardinal to give him a moment's private hearing before he pronounced the penalty of such ingratitude and disobedience. The Baron's inventive

faculties had already hit on a plausible apology for the conduct of his son. He began by an humble entreaty that his master would excuse the fondness of a father's love, which had sought to conceal a misfortune of nature from even his partial eye. He then informed him, that Montauban had been subject in boyhood, to a sort of mental alienation, which showed itself in fits of melancholy abstraction, and sometimes aversion to what was dearest and most pleasing to him at others—and this aberration was apt, most unfortunately, to succeed any deep emotion or sudden success. He had thought him entirely cured, and he still must believe no slighter cause, than one involving so much unexpected happiness, would have thrown him into his present state. The Cardinal believed the Baron—and not being able to divest himself of partiality for the son, felt his anger softened down into a still warmer regard, in which sympathy was mingled with admiration. It was determined that the union of the young couple should not be pressed, or even alluded to in the presence of the bridegroom elect, until his mind had resumed its natural tone of tranquillity. In the mean time he should be suffered to pursue the bent of his own mind, so as to feel that he was not acting under constraint. After settling these points, they returned to the cabinet, where they found Montauban awaiting them. His eyes were fixed upon the Baron, with an inquiring glance, but nothing was visible in the cold and placid smile of the diplomatist. In the prelate's manner there was a favorable change.

"I see, Montauban," he said, "that the hot blood of youth will not bear the rein of riper years—I leave time to chase the demon from your mind, and restore the hopes which should animate your bosom."

Henry only replied, that his feelings could never change, and hoped the Cardinal would not suffer himself to be deceived.

The Baron had used this stratagem only to deceive the Cardinal, and gain time to remove the obstacle which prevented his son from giving his assent to the marriage proposed by the minister. He lost not a moment in seeking father Joseph, and consulting him on the best course to be pursued. It was agreed between them, that the object of this fatal passion must be found, and put out of the way. To discover, and to remove the cause of obstruction to the Baron's plans, was a business that suited the sly ingenuity of the monk, and to him it was confided.

It was deep night when a rider left the postern gate of Paris. He carried the signet ring, and sped his course unmolested. His horse grew tired—the same symbol procured him another, and another, until the Benedictine gates opened to admit the legate of Holy Church—for such father Joseph purported to be in this embassy. The brethren paid all due rites of hospitality, and kissed the hand which bore some gracious behest of the Pope to their simple and retired fraternity. The monk inquired as to the distances and state of the neighboring convents, and casually, as it were, referred to his having brought the young Montauban to their monastery a few years ago. This led to remarks on the peculiar habits and turn of mind of the young man, and his fondness for rambling through the wild mountainous tracts that stretched beyond the Rhine. The monks seeing father Joseph in-

terested in the story of his old pupil, related the adventure by which he was near falling a sacrifice to his passion for roaming. The wily father inquired the name and residence of the kind villager who sheltered the sick lad and restored him to his rightful protectors. They only knew that he called himself De Fleurie, and lived near the foot of the mountain opposite. This was a sufficient clue. The traveller took his leave, regretting that his visits to the other monasteries would prevent his seeing the Benedictines again. He could not doubt that Montauban's sojourn at the hamlet of this De Fleurie had something to do with the aversion he manifested towards a marriage with the Countess. About sunset the monk gained the opening prospect, and perceived beneath him the neat and simple cottages of the inhabitants of this quiet valley, peeping at intervals through the leafy bowers by which they were surrounded. He stopped to survey the scene—not to enjoy its touching loveliness—but, like his arch antitype, to scan the most effectual breach. Some peasants happening to pass, he joined himself to their company, affecting to inquire for the nearest inn. He gradually drew from them the history of their little settlement, of which De Fleurie was pastor. This was enough to crush him with the Jesuit; but this was not all. The countrymen related with heartfelt affection, the sad tale of the persecution which had driven De Fleurie to take refuge, with his little flock, in this distant spot—where he lived in humble happiness, surrounded by a lovely family, all walking in his footsteps, and growing up to be the delight of the neighborhood where they dwell. The monk inquired the size and number of the pastor's family, and whether he had a son likely to succeed him as minister of the flock.

"Oh! yes," replied the one most enthusiastic in praise of the clergyman; "in time, master Robert will be such another. But it is Miss Gertrude, the eldest hope of the father, that shines the brightest star amongst them all. She is just grown up—and though she is handsome enough for a queen, she looks so gentle that the meanest creature needn't be afraid to speak to her."

"Good people," exclaimed the monk, appearing affected by the picture of the pastor's family, "I also am one of the exiled remnant of the Lord's inheritance. I long to behold the pious brother you tell me of, and mingle my prayers and tears with his, for the restoration of Zion."

The peasants heard, with veneration, the words of the monk, and gladly undertook to conduct him to De Fleurie's habitation. They found him seated under the elms that embowered his cottage, instructing the youth of his charge, in the simple but beautiful morality of the Sermon on the Mount. The stranger was introduced as a brother, in like manner suffering for the "testimony of Jesus;" and the heart of the good De Fleurie embraced him, while his lips uttered a warm salutation. The peasant could not take his leave of the monk without whispering in his ear—

"I thought you would not be long in noticing her. I saw your eye fix upon her before I had time to point her out. But you mark that cast upon her face—it has come over her lately. A little while ago she was as light-hearted as the lark—but time will bring care, I reckon, even to the young."

The monk had indeed singled out Gertrude from the crowd of young catechists, and marked the look of pensive thought which conveyed a volume of circumstantial evidence to his mind. A door of access to the hearts and confidence of this pious family, was opened for the monk, by their believing him to be a sharer in the same faith, and also a sufferer in the same trials which had dispersed the true followers of the Saviour in distant lands. In this way, he soon wound his way into the intimacy of friendship, and drew from the good pastor the secrets of his bosom. Night rolled her heavy car over the sleeping world, but so pleasant was the converse between the pastor and his new friend, that they could not separate. They spoke of the haughty Richelieu, and his cruel proscriptions of the Huguenots. Father Joseph became still more confidential. He wanted to feel the pulse of the other with regard to the house of Montauban; and spoke of the Baron as not only an accomplice of the Cardinal in the persecutions they endured, but as the originator of the bloody deeds of which the minister had the credit. The countenance of De Fleurie changed, and exhibited uneasiness at this last communication. The Baron was encouraged to proceed. He whispered that some of the most independent minds had prophesied this thralldom would not continue much longer. God would rid his church of these enemies—but who would be his chosen instruments, was yet to be revealed. De Fleurie shuddered at the suggestion of a conspiracy.

"God, brother, will vindicate his own cause when he sees fit. To suffer is our part—to punish his."

"Do you know the Baron Montauban, personally?" asked the monk.

"Not at all," replied De Fleurie; "but as the father of Henrie Montauban, I could have wished him a better man."

"Why should you suppose him better disposed than his father? He appears the true scion of the old stock of the Medicis. The seeds of cruelty and ambition confined, are springing up already, and promise to bear a full crop of bloody deeds in after life."

"Can it be possible?" said the pious De Fleurie, heaving a deep sigh. "I had hoped differently."

He then told the monk the circumstance which brought the young Montauban to his house, and the interest which his unaffected and amiable manners had excited. He said nothing of the attachment between the stranger and his daughter—a subject that had always pressed on his heart; and now more than ever, after hearing so dark an account of his disposition towards the Huguenots. The ingenious monk perceived there was still something in the back-ground of the pastor's communication and touching another string. He spoke of the projected alliance between the houses of Richelieu and Montauban as an event of ill omen to the Huguenots. The pastor expressed surprise. He had lived in perfect ignorance of what was transacting at the French court. There was deep solicitude in his countenance, as father Joseph related the general report, that a marriage between Henrie Montauban and the Countess de Mailleé would very shortly be consummated. While he thought with regret of the broken vows of the young lover, and the shock that poor Gertrude's spirits would receive at the tidings, he could not lament that the spell of enchantment would so soon be broken, and she return to



the humble associations of her early life. He could no longer restrain his sense of the goodness of God in the turn things had taken; and in the fulness of his gratitude imparted to the monk the tale of the unfortunate attachment between Montauban and his daughter. The traveller seemed to sympathize warmly in the feelings which burdened the heart of De Fleurie; and hoping that the disappointment might be tempered to the strength of his lovely daughter, sought repose until the morning beneath the hospitable roof of the pastor. As he lay on his pillow, his ready invention framed a scheme to separate Gertrude and Montauban forever, by rendering her father odious not only in the eyes of her lover, but affixing a crime to his name that would bring death to him and ruin to all connected with him. This was the only way the monk could devise to tear Montauban from the idol hope of his heart. He knew too much of the nature of the young lover, to attempt to deceive him with respect to the purity or fidelity of the mistress of his heart—but in destroying all hope of obtaining her, might he not yield in despair to the fate that awaited him? This was the conclusion of father Joseph's mind, and we shall see how skilfully he pursued it. Early the next morning he prepared to leave the pastor's habitation—but before departing, obtained a promise from him to attend the consistory in La Vendée, which had been granted them by their tyrants under the show of pacification. De Fleurie hoped the best results from this meeting of his brethren; and it did not require much persuasion on the part of the monk to induce him to make an engagement to be there, taking Madame de Fleurie and the young people along with him, as far as the beloved spot of his former residence.

### CHAPTER III.

The monk lost no time in retracing his way to the capital. He saw the Baron—and in the secrecy of solitude communicated the discoveries he had made. He told him of De Fleurie and his beautiful daughter—of the ingenuous, unsuspecting character of the benevolent Huguenot pastor, and the subdued, but lovely countenance of the girl, seeking to hide the secret of her bosom from the eye of a stranger. The Baron could scarcely restrain his rage while the confessor narrated the story of the engagement between his son and the peasant girl, as told him by the pastor.

"By the holy cross," exclaimed he, "the whole race shall be blasted. My vengeance shall never sleep until the contemptible heretics lie crushed beneath my chariot wheels."

"Stop," said the monk; "there is only one means of bringing your son to submission. He believes in the agency of the unseen world. Let him be warned, by the dark and mysterious fatality which would make the father of this girl the murderer of his own parent, that the stern frown of destiny forbids this union—that bitterness and a curse will rest on those who would defy its power, and the bold and lofty spirit will bend to the purpose you wish."

The monk looked cautiously around to see that no one was passing near, and then detailed his stratagem to ensnare the pastor, and prove him guilty of the most

horrible plot to take the life of the Baron, and his master, the Cardinal.

The pastor, he said, would certainly attend the approaching Diet of the Huguenots. This body was naturally suspected of secret enmity towards the minister and his favorites. It must be proved that a conspiracy is on foot to assassinate these obnoxious persons, and restore these heretics to their former rights. De Fleurie must be shown to be the head of this conspiracy—and that his chief motive in pursuing the life of the Baron, was a selfish one—to remove the obstacle to an union between the young heir and his own degraded family.

All this could be brought about through the monk's perfect knowledge of the persons whom he intended should be actors in the pretended plot. All should result in detection—the prisoners tried publicly and sentenced to death. The Baron gave his sanction to the stratagem of his spiritual guide, without evincing the least scruple of conscience. The monk departed to meet De Fleurie at the Diet, leaving it for the Baron to keep up the delusion of his still being absent on a commission to Rome. He found De Fleurie already there. The open-hearted pastor introduced and recommended this new brother to the notice of his brethren, as one deeply concerned in their cause, and worthy to mingle in all their counsels. Thus father Joseph had an opportunity of using every word or incident in the way that suited his dark purposes. He suggested to De Fleurie the idea of presenting a petition to the Cardinal, for the restoration of certain property unlawfully taken from the Huguenots by an edict of the Queen Regent—a name become as odious to the minister as to the subjects whom she oppressed by cruel exactions. This memorial, he proposed, should be drawn up by De Fleurie, and submitted privately to two judicious friends for consideration, before it was introduced before the Diet.

The pastor was pleased with the plan, and forthwith proceeded to write the petition, requesting the advice and assistance of the monk as he went on. When it was done, the father desired to look over the paper deliberately before it was presented; and that no time might be lost, proposed that De Fleurie should spend the interval in seeking out the two brothers named, and arranging a secret meeting. The pastor readily agreed to the place and time, both mentioned by the other. St. Simon's Tower, an old ruin on the skirts of the city, was selected for its solitude; and the time, midnight of the same evening.

Father Joseph's skill in penmanship was almost miraculous. As soon as De Fleurie was gone, he sat down to counterfeit his hand-writing, and produced so perfect a fac simile, that the writer himself could not have told the difference. He carefully secreted the original, putting his own in its stead. De Fleurie returned. He had seen the brothers De Saix and Charpentier. They would be punctual at the place and hour. The monk rejoiced in spirit, beholding the ease with which he could rule the minds and actions of men.

The pastor was anxious that the monk should be one of the consulting party. But to this he naturally objected, fearing he might be a restraint on the freedom of discussion among friends as confidential as De Fleurie and his intimate associates. The truth was, father Joseph intended to be there also, but with ano-

ther invisible witness of the scene, which he meant to pervert into the groundwork of this plot. The convocation met. Father Joseph and De Fleurie were present—but as soon as the former thought himself unobserved, he slipped out, and taking a circuitous route, called at the house of the Bishop of St. Austin's. This ecclesiastic, though devoid of the cruel bigotry of the times, was known to be steadfastly attached to the Catholic Church, and though conciliating in manner was unbending in principle. He did not at first recognise the monk, though he faintly remembered his face. The father seeing this, reminded him of the Castle Montauban, and instantly they were good friends. The monk asked a few moments' audience of business of deep moment, and assuming an air of fearful import, informed the Bishop of the reasons he had to believe a plot on hand to murder the Cardinal and Baron Montauban. In confirmation of what he had said, he only requested the Bishop to follow him to the spot where the actors in this horrid tragedy were to meet for consultation that night, and where they might hear, unobserved, the result of their interview.

The Bishop firmly believing the tale to be true, promised to meet the monk at the ruins a quarter-of an hour before the time arrived for the conspirators. It was a night of surpassing splendor—the full moon was "treading with silvery feet" the wide expanse of the deep blue skies, pouring from her round orb a flood of that soft liquid light, which seems to invest every object it touches with hallowed beauty.

Father Joseph and the Bishop reached the tower time enough to choose a favorable situation for observation, without being themselves seen. The monk prepared the mind of the Bishop to put a wrong construction on all that transpired between the pastor and his two friends. He said they must not expect a full disclosure of the plan, even among the conspirators themselves—guilt is ever secret, and deals only in dark hints. The hour of twelve sounded, yet no tread disturbed the silent repose of the unfrequented ruins. The monk ventured to look abroad from his hiding place, but quickly returned.

"I thought they would not let the time slip," he whispered. "I hear a soft step on the old corridor. Now mark their every motion and look, for it is fraught with death."

De Saix and Charpentier came first. They stood on the broken columns awaiting their comrade De Fleurie.

"He surely will not fail to be here. He knows he is looked up to, to carry the thing through," was the remark of one. The other replied—

"Never doubt his moral courage—he is the man among us to sway the minds of men."

The monk touched the Bishop's arm—"De Fleurie, you perceive, is the prime organ of action."

While they talked, he arrived, and was greeted warmly by the others. Having wiped the perspiration, occasioned by quick motion, from his brow, he led them into a more retired part of the old chapel, where the beholders had a still plainer view of their proceedings. De Fleurie drew from his pocket a match, and after creating a light, produced a paper, on which the eyes of his companions rested in solemn and eager expectation. He looked around on the ivied wall. He listened. The chirp of the beetle alone broke the stillness. He opened

the scroll, which he held in his hand, and presented it to the others. They read in a low murmur. Their visages were contracted in deep thought. At one part they paused, as if overpowered with the fearful import.

"It is a bold step, brother," said De Saix. "What if we should fail?"

"I leave that to God," replied De Fleurie. "The remainder of wrath he has promised to restrain."

"Hear the assassin," again murmured the monk in the ear of the Bishop.

De Fleurie now appeared animated, and his words were more energetic.

"Let us act wisely, but boldly. Too long have we crouched beneath our tyrants. If this attempt should fail, and draw on us a severer punishment, let us die contented. We fall in the struggle for liberty."

Here the words were lost; but the Bishop had heard enough to make him tremble at the horrible purpose of the conspirators.

The other two seemed to catch the spirit of high wrought enthusiasm from the lips of De Fleurie, as he proceeded in accents too low to be heard by the spies.

"Brother," they replied, "we will not swerve in this enterprise—we feel confident that the Lord will speed the arrow to the hearts of our tyrants. They must yield."

Then the names of Richelieu and the Baron Montauban were heard indistinctly, and with ominous glances.

Father Joseph touched the Bishop with still more emphasis—

"It is too certain," said the ecclesiastic. "Measures must instantly be taken to arrest them."

The monk motioned to him to be silent, while the Huguenots were retiring. As soon as they were gone, the Bishop grasped the hand of the monk, telling him that the Church and the State owed him the life of their two noblest sons. The monk asked the Bishop if he would testify to the guilt of these men. He said he could feel no hesitation in preventing so diabolical a plot. The monk proposed to counterfeit friendship with them, until he should complete the evidence, by getting possession of the paper which contained the sum and substance of their guilt. This he thought he could manage, by following De Fleurie, and taking the room next his. The Bishop commended the plan and zeal of the monk, and warned him not to lose sight of the conspirators for a moment.

Father Joseph sought his secret chamber, and spent the whole night in framing an instrument of death for the good pastor. In this paper, which he intended as a substitute for that the Bishop had seen in the hands of De Fleurie, he only preserved the hand-writing of his victim, while the substance was fraught with treason against the government, and death to the two hated individuals. Father Joseph wound up the labors of this night, by hiring a safe messenger, at high cost, to convey to the Baron, with the utmost despatch and secrecy, an account of the success of his undertaking. Until the charges were made out, the prisoners arrested and conducted to the capital, he hinted to the Baron to put the Cardinal on his guard, and take every means to exasperate him against the criminals.

Montauban's mind had assumed a still gloomier cast, since his interview and explanation with Richelieu.



Bound by every consideration, not to divulge the secret of his engagement with Gertrude, while he remained at the French court, his bosom labored under a weight of anguish, while his countenance wore the fair and false exterior of a gay and careless mind. It is true, that the freshness of his cheek had faded, and the rounded proportions of a matchless figure, given place to leanness with its chilly aspect; but this was the tendency of the atmosphere of courts, with its forced and artificial life. None thought of looking deeper for the cause, except the Baron, and his agent, father Joseph.

It was midnight. Montauban was still up, gazing from his balcony on those bright and mysterious travelers, in which he feared the astrologer had read too surely the volume of his fate; and as he marked their brilliant procession and disappearance, thinking how soon, perhaps, the star of hope would set to him forever, he paced the long archway of the portico that communicated with the court below. At this moment he was startled by a noise beneath. It suddenly occurred to him that the confessor had been absent an unusual length of time, and that there was something singular in the Baron's never alluding to him since his absence. Dim and undefined suspicions crossed his mind, and made him lend a more attentive ear to the sound below. A voice called the name of Baron Montauban. Montauban perceived that it proceeded from a traveller on horseback. What could such a person want at that hour! He descended hastily. The stranger eyed him sternly and repeated the words:

"The holy mystery."

To which Montauban replied, "Dwells in the breast of the faithful."

These words he had most fortunately discovered, on another occasion, to be the passport between the Baron and father Joseph, and they saved him from detection, on receiving the packet from the stranger, meant, he doubted not, for the Baron. The messenger disappeared before Montauban broke the envelope which enclosed the despatches. He glided softly to his chamber, where a dim lamp still burned. His hand trembled, and the flush of wounded honor burnt his cheek, as he, for the first time in his life, was about to commit an action of which he doubted the propriety. His deep anxiety to know whether the suspicions he entertained of the monk, had any ground of reality, prevailed over his honorable scruples, and induced him to break the seals. He tore open the letter. It was from the monk, and with an intense interest Montauban sat down to decipher its contents. Amazement and horror scarcely suffered him to breathe, while he tried to gather the meaning of the writer. But when he, could no longer doubt, that his father was not only the repository of the diabolical plot, but the cause and mover of so black a crime, he fell back in utter abandonment, and would have yielded up a life become now almost insupportable, but for the thought that truth and mercy and honor called on him, even in the depth of his despair, to save the innocent, though at the risk of throwing back the blow on the guilty head from which it had proceeded.

"Ye powers of justice and truth!" exclaimed the frantic Montauban—"bear me through the conflict, while I seek to rescue the innocent from the fangs of the destroyer, although in doing so, I bring eternal reproach and infamy on the blood that gave me being!"

He looked again at the monk's communication to the Baron. It contained enough evidence to upset the criminal proceedings against De Fleurie, and convict his accusers. He secreted it carefully, resolving to make its disclosure the last resort in the issue of the trial. In the mean time he avoided, as much as possible, the presence of the Baron, fearing that the deep indignation of his feelings might betray itself in his manner. Day after day elapsed, and yet the Baron received no token from the monk. He became restless and uneasy. Could the enterprise have failed? Henrie Montauban alone could have solved the difficulty, but he gave no intimation of the fearful anticipation that filled his own mind. The first notice that the Baron received of the success of the stratagem, was given by the great bell of the palais royal, calling the military to arms. A general panic seized all ranks—they ran confusedly together, inquiring the cause of so sudden an appeal to arms. The Baron was himself confounded, and hastened to the Cardinal. The prelate had just received accredited information of a plot to assassinate the persons most odious to the Huguenots—the minister and the Baron Montauban—the whole plan, concocted by the ejected ministers of that faith at the consistory then sitting, discovered by the Bishop of St. Austin, who would attend the prisoners to Paris. The Baron received this intelligence with the most apparent surprise, and declared himself ready to venture his own life to defend that of the minister, at which no doubt the miscreants principally aimed. The Cardinal acknowledged the firm fidelity with which the Baron had always served him, even in jeopardy of his own life, and promised that the reward should equal the sacrifice. Orders were issued for the life guards of the Cardinal, commanded by Montauban, to rendezvous immediately at his palace, ready to defend his person if assailed. The messenger returned, without accomplishing his errand. The commander of the life guards was missing—no one could give any account of him. How strange and unpardonable this conduct appeared!—but no time was now to be lost; another officer was appointed in his place, and the body guard paraded before the palace of the minister.

De Fleurie and his two brethren, De Saix and Charpentier, entered Paris, escorted by an immense crowd of armed men, prepared to quell any movement of the people in their favor. They were marched in procession through the principal streets of the city, to the door of the prison, where they were lodged under a strong guard to await their final trial. The countenance of the pastor wore the same upright and heavenly composure, as, when seated amidst his own simple flock, he expounded to them the lessons of holy writ. He had been arrested on an accusation without the slightest ground of reality. He had been seized by the hand of violence, while in the performance of his legal rights; but his consciousness of the rectitude of his motives, and the trust he reposed in the divine government, prevented his being intimidated by the malice or wrath of his enemies—and instead of repining at his own situation, he thought only of inspiring his comrades with the same christian fortitude. The day of trial arrived. The prisoners were led through a double file of glittering javelins, to meet their accusers and answer to the charge which involved them in the guilt of designing

the assassination of the Cardinal and Baron Montauban. The prosecution for the crown opened by a summons for the witnesses to appear. De Fleurie had never heard even their names, and looked, expecting to behold only the faces of strangers in his accusers. What was his amazement, his sickening horror, to recognize in one of them, the man, who under the guise of pious friendship, had entered the sanctuary of his domestic happiness—heard the artless tale of his joys and sorrows—communed with him on the sufferings of the Lord's people, and united in the fervent petition to Heaven for the restoration of the persecuted remnant! Then it was that the countenance of the pastor grew pale—and his heart sunk within him, when he saw the perfidy and diabolical malice of his pretended friend. The monk assumed the same calm and unmoved expression of feature, as was his wont when he wished to appear unconscious of the thoughts of others. Such was the look with which he encountered the eye of De Fleurie, fixed upon him in astonishment and disgust.

The paper, purporting to be an instrument of agreement between the prisoners, was produced by the monk, and read to the court. They denied all knowledge of such an agreement.

De Fleurie was asked by the judge, if he did not exhibit to his fellow prisoners an instrument of writing, on such an evening, at the chapel of St. Simon's? He confessed that he did.

"It was a memorial to be presented to the minister, Cardinal Richelieu, for the restoration of certain rights."

"Was that petition in his own hand-writing?"

"It was," replied he, firmly.

"Let him produce it," muttered the monk.

De Fleurie presented the memorial.

"Do you deny," said the prosecutor, "that this is also your hand-writing?" (holding before his eyes the forged conspiracy of the monk.)

"Great God!" exclaimed the pastor, "defend thy servant from the machinations of darkness in this trying hour. Thou only knowest my innocence of the crime alleged against me!"

"Answer to the question," was reiterated by a thousand voices.

"I do confess this is my hand-writing, while I protest before my Almighty Judge, that I never indited one word of this paper," said the prisoner, casting his eyes to Heaven.

"You have acknowledged all we require, that both these papers are your hand-writing," said the prosecutor.

"I cannot deny that they are," replied De Fleurie.

The testimony of the Bishop was then taken.

He was asked if he recognized the prisoners to be the same he had seen in the ruins of St. Simon's chapel.

He said—"They are the same persons."

"If their discourse was such as implied their guilt in this conspiracy?"

"It was, so far as he heard it."

"Could he swear to the fact of their exhibiting the paper containing the plan of a conspiracy to make way with the Cardinal and Baron?"

"He could not doubt that was the substance of the paper over which they were consulting at the chapel."

The testimony of the Bishop, given in so candid and

unprejudiced a manner, produced an instant effect on the minds and feelings of the spectators. A general murmur of impatience for the sentence of the law, ran through the crowd. The marshals found it necessary to elevate their badges of office, as they moved through the assembly, and restored order, while the chief justice rose from his seat, to pronounce the doom of the prisoners.

The Cardinal and Baron had taken no part in the prosecution, having wisely committed it to sure hands, but sat on an eminence apart from the crowd. The countenance of the prelate wore a still more elevated and supercilious expression, as he felt his enemies sinking beneath his frown, and the acclamations of the multitude ready to pronounce his triumph, while the gratified and complacent air of the Baron told that he already enjoyed the death of the prisoners.

The voice of the judge commanded breathless attention, as he began,

"Have you, Justine de Fleurie, Ernest de Saix, and Constant Charpentier, any thing further to say in extenuation of your guilt?"

"Hear! hear!" reverberated through the agitated populace.

"Nothing," replied the prisoners, in a distinct voice, lifting their clasped hands to Heaven.

"Then I proceed to pronounce"—

Here a confused sound began in the crowded vestibule of the court. In a moment it spread from rank to rank of the vast multitude, eager to catch the sound, and ready to act from any new impulse. The cries of a human voice were heard above the mingled agitation of the throng.

"Hold! hold! Arrest the sentence in the name of the king of France!"

At the same time a man, issuing from the multitude, made his way rapidly through the gleaming swords of the gens d'armes, towards the bench of justice. As he moved onward, the assembly recognised the noble son of the Baron; and the cry of "Hear! hear! the heir of Montauban," echoed through the lofty halls. The judge paused in the sentence, while the young courtier, bowing respectfully, approached the bench.

"My lord chief justice," he said, (mastering the agitation of his natural sensibility by the moral energy of his soul,) "and you, my lord Cardinal," (turning towards the prelate,) "I bear the king's mandate, that these proceedings be arrested, until another investigation of this charge be instituted."

Saying these words, he delivered to the judge the monarch's protest, bearing the regal signet. The Cardinal bit his lip with suppressed ire at this interposition, while the Baron writhed with fear and anguish at the probable consequences to himself. The judge, with a lowering brow, broke the seal, and read aloud the king's behest. It required the suspension of the sentence of the law against the prisoners, accused of a conspiracy against the lives of the Cardinal de Richelieu and the Baron Montauban, until the testimony of Henry Montauban should be heard in their defence. The eyes of the court were turned in wonder on the spectacle before them! A son advocating the cause of his father's murderers! For such they esteemed the prisoners. The soul of Montauban was borne beyond the sphere of human weakness, in the part he was



about to act. With a steady eye and an unfaltering accent, he addressed the court. He produced the despatches from the monk to the Baron, (which he had intercepted in their passage,) detailing the whole plan to entrap De Fleurie; to destroy whom, the whole plot was fabricated. He displayed before the counsel a corroborating letter, written by the monk to the Baron, while he was on this embassy of death to the house of the pastor.

"This letter," he said, "I have surreptitiously drawn from the repository of darkness. My motive alone can justify the action by which I came possessed of it. But," turning to the monk, who now for the first time felt the horror of his situation, confounded and petrified, by the overflowing power of the truth, "I defy you, the confessor of Baron Montauban, to disprove what I declare, or the evidence by which I have sustained this assertion, that you are the author of this abominable plot."

The iron sinews of the monk began to relax. He trembled with fear, while with a chilled and ghastly expression of countenance, he looked towards the Baron, and said:

"There is one in this assembly, my lords, who can tell whether I deserve the first place in the penalty of this crime. I call upon him to speak. It is too late to falter. The last card is played."

All eyes were directed towards the Baron, who fell from his seat as the monk ended his appeal. His vacant eye and the convulsive motion of his muscles, gave evidence that he had lost the power of comprehension, in the stunning effect of this fatal disclosure.

"My lords," exclaimed Montauban, with the courage of a martyr, "the appeal of the confessor shall not be lost. He has said truly, that he was but the instrument. The guilt is another's. I am the representative of the house of Montauban. Be just, my lords. On me, let the sword of justice fall. I claim to take the place of your prisoner."

A moment of silence prevailed, like the hushed voice of the coming storm; then, ere the judge could speak, the shouts of the multitude drowned every sound with acclamations of praise towards the generous, the noble Montauban. The court was touched with the grandeur of the scene—a son offering to bear the guilt and penalty of a father!—but in this case the judge informed Montauban no substitute could be taken. The suit was reversed, and the proceedings must be arrested, until one of the parties (the Baron Montauban,) was capable of attending. The other person concerned in these machinations, the Baron's confessor, must be safely lodged in the city prison to await trial. Having given De Fleurie and his companions passports to pursue their way unmolested to their humble homes, the court was adjourned, and the crowd quickly dispersed, leaving Montauban still standing in the same position, unconscious of the moving mass of human beings, by which he was surrounded. De Fleurie too, remained on the spot. He could not depart without one expression of the deep gratitude that filled his heart. The tears gushed from their full fountains, as he seized the hand of Montauban. Their eyes met—but the emotion of Montauban could only express itself in a still closer pressure of the other's hand.

"Montauban, to you I owe my life, and its every

joy—but at too great a sacrifice on your part"—were the words of the pastor.

Montauban shook the hand of De Fleurie again, with fervor, and dashing through the assembly, was out of sight in a moment.

Baron Montauban was borne, in a state of insensibility, to his own palace, where he lingered a few days in deathlike stupor, without giving any signs of returning reason. His son was not near, to see darkness gather over those faculties which had labored day and night to accomplish the high destiny of his race. Father Joseph, his only confidant—where was he? In the deep recesses of a dungeon—cursing the day that bound him to such a master, and such a fate. Drawing out a protracted life, in the agonies of a guilty conscience, whose remorseless folds were wreathed around his soul, and only extending his existence to add still another pang to his sufferings.

Words cannot paint the anguish of Madame De Fleurie and her daughter, when they heard of the imprisonment of the pastor. They determined to go directly to Paris, if it were but to share the death that awaited him. Travelling was performed with little facility and frequent delays, so that it required all the patience and perseverance imaginable, to make a long land journey, in the times when Gertrude and her mother set out for the capital of France. At every stage they inquired, with throbbing hearts, the news from that quarter. They heard from the keeper of an inn, where they stopped to refresh their horses, that the whole country was pouring into Paris to witness the trial of the Huguenots.

"Of what crime are these Huguenots accused?" asked Madame De Fleurie, endeavoring to subdue her feelings.

"A conspiracy against the lives of the Cardinal and the Baron Montauban."

"Montauban!" exclaimed Gertrude—"then our last hope is gone!"—and sinking on the couch near her, she swooned away.

"My child! my Gertrude!" cried the frantic mother, as she chafed the blue temples of the girl, and called for help in the extremity of her woe.

"What name is that?" said a hollow voice, suddenly issuing from the recess of another room, while the person from whom it came, sprung forwards as if electrified.

"Two travellers, Monsieur, just arrived," said the host. "One of them, a young girl, has suddenly fallen ill."

The stranger rushed to the door of the apartment where they were. He beheld a mother wringing her hands in despair over her insensible child, while her lips, again and again, ejaculated "Gertrude." Impelled by that name, he sprung to the spot where the pale and attenuated form of the unconscious girl lay.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the wretched Montauban, (for he it was who had been awakened from the deep agony of reflection by the sound.) "Can this be the daughter of De Fleurie?"

"The same! the same!" replied the voice of the mother, encouraged by the manner of the stranger, to pour into his ear her tale of sorrow.

"It is the fate of De Fleurie that has broken the heart of his Gertrude. Mine is a double calamity—a husband and a daughter, both torn from me by the

same stroke; while the last, the only hope, that of perishing together, is denied us. De Fleurie will die, without embracing his wife or daughter more!"

"Both shall be restored—both shall live!" said Montauban, kneeling by the swooning girl. "The voice of hope will rouse her from this fearful dream. I am the bearer of joyful tidings to you. Your husband, the father of Gertrude, has triumphed over the machinations of his enemies."

"He lives then!" exclaimed Madame De Fleurie, clasping the lifeless Gertrude to her bosom. "Your father is liberated, my child—let the joyful news inspire life and happiness."

A sigh heaved the bosom of Gertrude. Montauban could scarcely restrain the wild tumult of his feelings in hearing her pronounce the words "My father." "Gertrude," he said, "there was once another name dear to your heart."

A flush of crimson tinged her cheek, as she murmured the name of "Henrie."

Her heart was still his, but he dared not claim it, while he felt the stain of infamy and guilt resting on his name. He tore himself from the presence of Gertrude, without being able to give the circumstances of De Fleurie's acquittal. Just as he was going to leave the inn, to wander he knew not where, his eyes fell on a notice in the "Courier." It was in these words:

"The Baron Montauban is no more! His death was sudden, and connected with circumstances which prevent its being further commented on at this time."

The paper fell from his hand. A cold and sickening feeling of horror and grief combined, shook his frame, and urged him to fly from every association of happier times. In ascending the diligence, he put a note into the hands of the servant. It was for Gertrude, and bore Montauban's adieu.

"Dear Gertrude," he said, "my destiny still rolls in darkness. Your father will tell you all. Shame and dishonor are now added to the burden of my existence. Can I ask you to share a lot coupled with crime, and that too against your best earthly friend? I dare not—but if ever time should obliterate or even soften this just resentment, or the remembrance of past days make you willing to brave misfortune and shame with me, then may I cease to wander an outcast, and looking up to the God of Gertrude, defy the hand of destiny itself."

The heart of Gertrude was overwhelmed by the contents of Montauban's letter. How little did he know the strength of her attachment, to think it could be influenced by the mysterious crime he had spoken of. De Fleurie arrived at the inn, while she was revolving Montauban's meaning, and after uniting with his wife and daughter in a grateful return of thanks to Heaven for his safe deliverance, gave an account of the plot that was laid to take his life, and of the noble sacrifice at which Montauban redeemed it. The bosom of Gertrude throbbed with pride and joy, as she listened to the glowing words of her father, and no shadow dimmed the sunshine of her soul, as she sealed the pledge to be Montauban's forever. The hands of the happy couple were united by the good pastor, and Montauban felt his bliss beyond the power of destiny itself to destroy—based as it was on the exercise of an upright and benevolent mind, dispensing happiness on all around him. Disgusted with the pageantry of the court, he retired

with his lovely bride to the rural shades of Castle Montauban, whose portals were opened for them by the faithful Jacinta, who thought herself supremely blest in serving "Master Henrie."

We will only add, that the astrologer's tower soon lost all its solemnity, in becoming the play-ground of the reckless little progeny of the castle, who played havoc with the symbolical instruments of the mystical science, without the least remorse of conscience.

## CURRENTE CALAMITIES:

NO. V.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

### APRIL FLOWERINGS AND SHOWERINGS.

Now, doth

"—well-apparelled April on the heel  
Of limping winter tread;"

now, may we understand the forceful beauty of the comparison, which Proteus, that "Gentleman of Verona," uses when he says,—

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day:  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

The fair Portia's servant of the Caskets fitly describes "An ambassador of love" by telling her mistress, that

"A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord;"

and Iris, in "The Tempest" praises "Ceres, most bounteous lady," for

"Those banks with peonied and lillied brims,  
Which spongy April, at her best betrimeth."

When Antony saw his Octavia weeping, as she took her mournful leave of him, he said,

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring;  
And these the showers to bring it on!"

Oh! how beautifully do all times and seasons, in their changeful revolutions, expound and illustrate the genius of Shakspeare! He has a line for every phase of the sky, for every variation of the landscape, for every humor of the fitful elements. "Turn him to any cause of policy, the Gordian knot of it he will unloose, familiar as his garter." See, too, how after-coming poets do but repeat the simplest conceits of him, whom "Rare Ben" was pleased to call "Master."

Thus Drummond:

"A beauty, fading like the April flowers:"

and Mallet:

"Her face was like an April-morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud," &c.

and, later still, Corn-law rhyming Elliott:

"His life was but an April day:  
He lived, and loved, and died!"

and, (the last that now occurs to me,) that sweetest of the age's minstrels, "L. E. L."—



"Come back, come back together,  
All ye fancies of the past,—  
Ye days of April weather!"

How suddenly, and how darkly has closed the career of this sweet singer of Spring songs! How rude the clash that struck to earth the lyre of the "Improvisatrice!" A moment here, and the next, forever gone! Like "the lost Pleiad," which she sang so truly, she has dropped from the circle of living bards,—but, unlike the star, she died but to live again, "the cynosure of wondering eyes," in the zenith of fame, immortally.

A few days ago, (it was the first day of April,) I opened a post-brought missive, which was redolent of the sweetest spring aroma, as I broke its ruby seal. It contained the first violet of the year, from a garden, on the banks of the Potomac, and was the nursling of a pair of sisters, among the fairest and the loveliest of all who, monthly, turn your pages, dear Messenger, in quest of amusement and instruction. The first violet of the year! As I opened the yet damp sheet, and found the flowret in perfect shape, and full of fragrance, I thought of Carew's "Primrose."

"Ask me, why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year?  
Ask me, why I send to you  
This primrose, all be-pearled with dew?"

Then, I bethought me of Habington's "Description of Castara," as I recognised the hand-writing of the fair donors:

"Like the violet, which, alone  
Prosperes in some happy shade,  
Doth Castara live, alone,  
To no common eye betrayed:  
For she's to herself untrue,  
Who delights in public view!"

"Such is her beauty, as no arts  
Have enrich'd with borrowed grace;  
Her high birth no pride imparts,  
For she blushes, in her place.  
Folly boasts a glorious blood,—  
She is noblest, being good!"

"She obeys with speedy will,  
Her grave parent's wise commands:  
And so innocent, that ill  
She nor acts, nor understands," &c. &c.

Albeit unused to the rhyming mood, I next began to think that the Muse should thank the givers of so rare a boon; and the conceit being strong upon me, in this hour of my weakness, I actually took down my rusty lyre from the willows, where it has hung for many a year, and essayed, as followeth. Forgive my intrusion among such company, as I have been calling around us; contrasts, you know, are pleasing, and I will take off the rough-edge, by and by, with a screed from "The Golden Violet."

#### TO S. AND J.

*On receiving the first Violet of the year, from D—n.*

Fair friends! I left you when the winds  
Of winter howled around,  
And when the sere and withered grass  
The landscape sad embrowned.

Nature seemed dead: no bud, no bloom  
Appeared within your bowers:  
No promise to the eye gave hope  
Of quickly-opening flowers.

And yet, a germ was latent there,  
Fast struggling into birth;  
One of a thousand, heaven-sent,  
To glad the sorrowing earth!

Sweet violet! the first, that Spring  
In beauty breathed upon,  
Amidst the bowers, by fair hands nursed,  
Of lovely D—n!

A lesson dost thou read to me,  
Thou teacher, mild and fair!  
Bidding me 'mid the gloomiest hour,  
Ne'er madly to despair!

The darkening hour, when friends beloved  
Must from each other part,  
Falls on the soul, how drearily!—  
That winter of the heart!

And yet, if to thy lesson mild,  
Fair flower! I yield free scope,  
How am I taught, that, 'midst this gloom  
Still springs the germ of hope!

In wintry hours, she promises  
That flowers shall deck the plain:  
And, to the hearts of parting friends,  
That they shall meet again!

And so forth! What a plague have I to do with weaving rhymes? I'll no more of it! And now for "The Golden Violet!"

It is the eve of May-day; and thus sings its poet:

"Farewell to thee, April! a gentle farewell!  
Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald cell;  
Sweet nurse! thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers,  
Like kisses and tears, on thy children, the flowers!  
As a hope, when fulfilled, to sweet memory turns,  
We shall think of thy clouds, as the odorous urns,  
Whence color, and freshness, and fragrance were wept:  
We shall think of thy rainbows,—their promise is kept!  
For there's not a cloud on the morning's blue way,  
And the daylight is breaking, the first of the May!"

But these lines are transcended in beauty, methinks, by the fair and hapless poetess, in the following stanzas to April:

"Of all the months that fill the year,  
Give April's month to me,  
For earth and sky are then so filled  
With sweet variety.

"The apple-blossoms' shower of rose,  
The pear-tree's pearly hue,  
As beautiful as woman's blush,  
As evanescent, too!

"The purple light, that, like a sigh,  
Comes from the violet bed,  
As there the perfumes of the East  
Had all their odors shed.

"The wild brier rose, a fragrant cup  
To hold the morning's tear;  
The bird's eye, like a sapphire star,—  
The primrose, pale, like fear.

"On every bough, there is a bud,  
In every bud a flower!  
But scarcely bud or flower will last  
Beyond the present hour.

"Now, comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,  
Then, all again sunshine:  
Then, clouds again, but brightened with  
The rainbow's colored line.

"Aye! this, this is the month for me!  
I could not love a scene  
Where the blue sky was *always* blue,  
The green earth *always* green!"

And of the violet, as April's own flower, she seems to be no less enamored. Behold!

"Violets! deep blue violets!  
April's loveliest coronets!  
There are no flowers grow in the vale,  
Kissed by the sun, woo'd by the gale,—  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep-blue violet.

"And when the grave shall open for me,—  
I care not how soon that time may be,—  
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,  
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom:  
But there be that flower's meek regret,  
The bending and deep blue-violet!"

One more! Nay, I must!

"Though many a flower may win my praise,  
The violet has my love.  
I did not pass my childish days  
In garden, or in grove;

"My garden was the window-seat,  
Upon whose edge was set  
A little vase,—the fair and sweet,—  
It was the violet!

"It was my pleasure and my pride;  
How I did watch its growth!  
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,—  
And often injured both!

"At length, the perfume filled the room,  
Shed from its purple wreath;  
No flower has now so rich a bloom,  
None half so sweet a breath!

"I gathered it: and oh! it seemed  
A rich gift to bestow!  
So precious in my sight, I deemed  
That all must think it so!

"Let Nature spread her loveliest,  
By spring or summer nurst,  
Yet still I love the violet best,  
Because I loved it first!"

I began with Shakspeare on "April:" let me close with Shakspeare on "Violets." He makes Titania's bed of them:

"I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.  
There sleeps Titania, sometimes of the night,  
Lulled in the flowers, with dances and delight!

And, thus does Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," discourse of them to the Old Shepherd, and the disguised Camillo:

"Here's flowers for you! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; *violets, dim,*  
*But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,*  
*Or Cytherea's breath!"*

Music by night, he describes as "coming o'er the ear,

"Like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor!"

And, as if to rate this modest little flower highest, for fragrance in the blossoming parturition, he declares, that

"To throw a perfume on the violet,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess!"

How prettily and how gallantly does the Duke of York demand of his new-arrived son, what court beauties were ascendant, when he left London:

"Welcome my son! Who are the violets, now,  
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring?"

Laertes describes Hamlet's profession of love for Ophelia, as

"A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent,—sweet, not lasting,—  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;—  
No more!"

And poor Ophelia, herself, in her madness, said,

"I would give you violets, too: but they withered all, when my poor father died!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A kind of *Postscriptum* for my friend Fisher, of the Pittsburgh Visiter. Our quarrel, (like that in which Sir Lucius O'Trigger had a prominent part to play,) is "a very good quarrel, as it stands: explanation would only spoil it." Let's nurse it, and keep it warm, (as Tam O'Shanter's wife did her's with her husband, upon a memorable occasion,) until we meet again, as of yore we used to meet; and then we can settle it all, in the old way. As long as my chosen "name is great in mouths of wisest censure," in various parts of this reading land, other than that which my good friend inhabits,—and as long as it is "my name that is his enemy," and not I,—why should I change it now, in this, the fifth month of my *pen-runings*, (to translate literally,)—why? "What's in a name?" I am sure I would, do any thing in reason to accommodate my friend, upon occasion: and, with Falstaff, "I would to Heaven I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought," that he might have his pick and choice, to give such of his neighbors' bantlings, as he would like to see well-christened. I will take his judgment in my next series, for a name: at present, I have only to say to him, in the line of pungent Martial,—when he takes up a number of the "Currente Calamosities,"—

"Quid titulum poscis? versus duo tres ve legantur!"

J. F. O.

New York, April 30th, 1839.

## TO A LADY PLAYING ON A HARP.

(From a new work entitled "Pericles and Aspasia.")

Come sprinkle me soft music o'er the breast,  
Bring me the varied colors into light  
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,  
Show me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.  
Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords  
Restore what restless years had moved away,  
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,  
Youth's short-lived spring and pleasure's summer day.



## BE GLAD WHILE YET YOU MAY.

Addressed to an interesting little boy at play.

BY H. M. G., JR.

Bound, bound away, beautiful boy!  
Bound in thy joy away!  
Ring out thy voice to hill and glen,—  
Be glad while yet you may.

Laugh to the light winds hurrying on  
Upon their viewless way:  
They'll never fan thee younger, boy!  
Be glad while yet you may.

Speed for the restless butterfly,  
From shrub to floweret gay:  
Shout to the wild-bird hastening by,—  
Be glad while yet you may.

Go where the notes of music ring  
Out in their mingling play:  
Leap to their wild and joyous sound,—  
Be glad while yet you may.

Hie to the gushing stream, and through  
The livelong summer-day,  
Wanton its sparkling waves among,—  
Be glad while yet you may.

The days roll on, when joys like these  
Thy heart no more can sway:  
Woe! for the sorrowful hours then!  
Be glad while yet you may.

*New Glasgow, Va.*

## DR. MITCHELL'S POEMS.

*Indecision—a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems; by J. K.**Mitchell, M.D. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart; 1839.*

Poetry, as an elegant writer has said, "is the divinest of all arts." Its mission is a blessed one—to arouse and kindle those deep and pure emotions which lie in the depths of every soul, and to expand and lift them up in lofty and heavenward aspirations. True, it has been used for base and corrupt purposes—employed to excite the worst passions—fettered to the purposes of faction, breathed in licentious numbers, and used even in the bold and impious conceptions of blasphemy—still it has never entirely lost its own peculiar power—its individual beauty—but has beamed with a starry or gem-like lustre, amid the wildest and darkest formations. In the language of the author before quoted, poetry "cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good."\*

\* Channing—Remarks on the character and writings of John Milton.

It is perverted, then, from its true purpose, darkened and degraded, when employed as the means of vice or chained to grovelling associations. It manifests its divinity, when linked with the beautiful and pure—it exercises its proper office, when it awakes the slumbering soul and turns its eyes upon its own vast world of consciousness within, and nerves it up with high thoughts and dauntless purposes—when it unbinds and throws off the gross fetters which are so mated with our flesh, and smites the fountains of feeling in the heart, until they well up with gushing purity and flow forth in light—when it refines the mental vision until it learns to know the beautiful and the true, and opens the spiritual ear until it drinks in, understandingly, a portion of that harmony which belongs to our immortality, and which will thrill upon us when we "tread the stars." Such is poetry in the true exercise of its functions—forming right emotions, awakening deep sympathies, and exalting our moral nature. Its mission, we say then, is a blessed one.

Poetry has a universal language, and its interpreter is the great heart of humanity. Like the principal of mind, its primary characteristics are everywhere the same, and it is perceived and *felt* in whatever it animates. It may be couched in an humble strain—clothed even in uncouth and vulgar language—but its power and mastery are there, and the soul acknowledges its presence. It needs not the expression of words nor the medium of printed characters. It is seen in the generous sacrifice and the virtuous action—it sparkles in the tear of sympathy, and has an utterance in the unbreathed thought. It is, in fact, the great principle of the beautiful—spreading throughout the universe, yet glowing and perfect in each particular part. It is in the flashing fountain and the bending rainbow—the gem that comes glittering from its bed, and the cloud that goes up, like incense, before the great altar of the sun—in the stream that murmurs to its sedgy banks, and the rain-shower that shouts among the leaves—in the calm, blue, arching sky, that spreads above us, and the waters that break in star-light on the shore; there is nothing in material or spiritual existence, around and within us, but is pervaded with its deep and living spirit. He who inhales and pours forth this spirit, in his song, his oration, or his speech, is a poet, and possesses the true inspiration of Pindus. He who has it not, cannot be one, whatever may be his other advantages and attainments. The delicacies of refinement, the wealth of learning, the gaud and the jewelry, cannot *make* poetry; without its indwelling and original power, the most gorgeous and externally beautiful are but cold, inanimate forms, and all these are but garlands around the empty chalice—kingly robes and wreaths of beauty upon the motionless limbs and cold brow of the statue.

The inbred spirit of poetry, then, is vitally essential to him who would be successful in this department of literature, or who would earn the name of poet. We are aware that this seems like a stale and unprofitable truism, and that, in *theory*, it will be universally acknowledged as a correct remark; but we know, also, that it is a truism, which it is necessary to repeat, and which circumstances will render necessary to be repeated, until many cease from *practically* denying it. How many are there who manufacture jingling rhyme and decorate it, perhaps, with gaudy and meretricious orna-

ment, and imagine that they are absolutely writing poetry? They have never breathed its inspiration—they have never quaffed from its deep and silent, and holy well-springs—they possess no pulse that moves within them when they look out upon the lovely and sublime, or that thrills, in answering measures when the hand of a master is sweeping the lyre-chords—in short, they have none of that noble and lofty and burning emotion, which stirred in the breast of Fuseli, who, when asked concerning the future existence of the soul, answered—"I don't know whether *you* have a soul or no, but \* \* I *know* that I have." In how many obscure drawers and beneath how many editors' tables, lie the effects of this ill-judged estimate of abilities, and mistaken idea of poetry? We trust that our remarks, trite and feeble and desultory as they may be, will engage the consideration, and work the conviction of many such, and if these are too difficult to remember, or too obscure in their meaning, we commend to their attention the whole essence of what we have said, contained in the well-known maxim—"Poeta nascitur."

One word more upon the importance and high office of poetry. We are aware that there are judicious fathers and grave men of business, who look with an eye as contemptuous and severe upon any thing like poetry, as did ever Mr. Osbaldistone, senior. There are others too, doubtless, who consider it as a kind of trifling accomplishment, fit for nothing but our leisure hours—and who conceive of one who is really and professionally a poet, that he must of course be some starved and poverty-stricken mortal, living upon crusts in a garret and dressed in a threadbare and elbow-worn suit of black—who is, probably, love-smitten, and who pours out the grief of his wounded soul in album-sonnets and newspaper madrigals. We are sorry that impressions like these should prevail. If there were no other evil result, the fact that they check the growth of literature, and prevent and pervert the energies of true genius, would be enough to cause us to deplore such an error. But this is not all. Such ideas of poetry darken and obscure its true dignity and importance. Poetry is *not* such a trifling and useless principle. We have shown its great and glorious purposes, and, from its vocation, it will be seen that it demands an elevation by the side of philosophy and history. It has been shown, also, that it is not confined to any special mode of manifestation or utterance. Hence one great source of the errors and prejudices concerning it, is removed. If it were indeed meted out only in smooth-turned rhyme or doled in piping measures, it might be thus despicable and unworthy. But it has an influence and operation in every great theme, whether it burn on the lips of eloquence, or flow out in the solemn teachings of wisdom. In the speculations of philosophy and the theories of science, is poetry—kindling and triumphant and beautifying poetry. It is important, also, as being a powerful medium through which to reach the affections and sway the minds of men. It is an easy and popular method of preserving memorable events and moral lessons, and therefore should it be respected and cultivated in its purest and loftiest capacities. It fastens easily upon the memory, and preserves literature, and maxims of virtue perhaps, through the changes of centuries—when, if committed to the treacherous parchment or the crumbling tablet, they might have been

forever lost to posterity. For the memory of a mighty deed—the immortality of a great name—there are no chronicles like the hearts of a people. The storied lay of a thousand years and the thrilling legend of the olden-time, were sung by the stream-side and told upon the threshold and the hearth-stone, but yesterday. The deeds of old Thermopylæ and Bannockburn, embodied and pervaded by poesy, in some far age of the future, may summon up a spirit of liberty in the silence of the mountain glen, which shall be cradled in the earthquake and burst forth in the storm; and the strains of Homer and Milton, may foster a taste in the bosoms of the dwellers of some wild, lone island that *we* know not of, until it rises from the ocean, another Delos, beautified with the classic temple and adorned with the sculptured marble.

Such are the importance and dignity of poetry, briefly, and we are aware, when compared with the subject, feebly set forth. We did not sit down to write an essay, but, as the title to this article indicates, to pass our opinion upon a recently-published volume of poems; and it may seem to our readers, that we have wandered away, or rather, kept aloof from our legitimate subject, in the remarks which we have made. But we wished to give utterance to our few thoughts, and we deemed the present a fit opportunity for doing so. We have before us an American work, and we deem it proper upon such an occasion to speak of true poetry and its office. We wish those who are anxious to build up our national literature, and consequently to increase our national honor, whether they be poets or patrons, to consider this subject deeply, and act justly in reference to it—the former, by writing only from the real impulse of poetry, and the latter, by properly estimating and respecting its dignity and importance, and by extending to it those refreshing influences which shall vivify and expand it, and cause it to bud and blossom in light.

The main poem in the work before us was "written in the midst of arduous professional duties," and "at short, infrequent and irregular periods of time," and consequently we cannot expect to behold, in every respect, a finished production, moulded in every word to suit a refined and cultivated taste. He who looks for this much, will, probably, be disappointed. The eye of close and analytical criticism will, doubtless, discover many blemishes. The author tells us, in his introduction, that he "does not expect to be shielded from the criticism to which every public production is necessarily liable." The work, however, has been spoken of in tones of high commendation by the press, and may be fairly said to have passed, successfully, the ordeal. We have not read it with that deep attention which is requisite to close criticism, nor do we intend, were we able, to institute such a process of investigation. We think that its faults will be found to lie on the surface, and that, mingled to be sure with common earth, there will be found many rich and beautiful and flashing gems, and we intend to direct the attention of our readers to some of these treasures. We pronounce, then, as the great excellence of the work, that it contains true poetry and abundant manifestation that it was written by a poet. Dr. Mitchell is a poet. Its spirit has thrilled in his heart, and its breathings are visible in the words to which he gives utterance. He never could have written, in the first instance, merely to see his



name and his productions in print. The lively principle stirred within him, and he obeyed its promptings—the burning thoughts “came crowding thickly up, for utterance,” and he spoke. In this much, then, our introductory remarks are applicable here. We present “Indecision,” as an illustration of “the spirit of true poetry.”

The poem opens with a description of embarkation from Scotland—

The sail is loos'd, the swinging anchor free,  
The boat is hoisted, and the ship for sea.

After a short eulogy upon Scotia, we have a description of the multitude who throng the deck of the departing vessel, and the different feelings which agitate the various bosoms of those who are leaving kindred and home and sacred graves, to seek a shelter in the clime of “the teeming West.” The following passage contains a fine description and simile.

The old, with thoughtful brow and sadden'd eye,  
Still watch the land-hues fading into sky,  
As if reluctant to avert the view  
A moment from the shore's receding blue,  
As, trembling on the ring'd horizon, peep  
The topmast peaks above the rising deep.  
The tender sapling, torn from natal sod,  
Transplanted blooms, and spreads its arms abroad,  
But aged trees, when sever'd from the earth  
They once have shaded, know no second birth.

We are next introduced to “Norman,” the hero of the tale. Possessing many advantages and virtues, he lacks one, and an all-important one, “MORAL COURAGE”—and this defect in his character, besides causing him much trouble and sorrow of spirit, appears to give name to the poem—“INDECISION.” Fortune failing him, he shares his remaining pittance with his aged mother, and with

— His wife, and child, and hope, and health,  
Embarked to seek in western wilds that wealth,  
To which the blinded world around him bent:  
And he, tho' wiser, *dared not* to dissent.

In the course of the first night of the voyage, we have a description of the manner in which the groups on deck passed their time—a “Song of the Prairie,” an “Adieu, my ain Sweet Land,” and a description of a storm. The ship weathers the gale, the morning-sun breaks brightly forth, and in describing the gaiety and carelessness of the crowd just escaped from the perils of wreck and death, we have the following piece of philosophy:

————— 'Tis ever so,  
With human weakness; eloquent in woe,  
Of virtuous promise; but the danger o'er,  
The sorrow gone, the lesson's read no more—  
The heart is like the hard sepulchral stone,  
On which *repeated* blows inscribe alone,  
Its truth or falsehood; trials, to be blest,  
Must be by sorrow's frequent hand imprest.

A solemn and melancholy change comes over the spirit of Norman. Here is poetry, sweet and beautiful.

His wife alone, of those who knew him well,  
Appear'd unconscious of the fearful spell.  
Enshrouded in affection's blinding haze,  
She mark'd not what would draw a stranger's gaze;  
Or, if she saw an altered look, her heart  
Indulg'd itself in that love-nurtured art,  
Which kindly teaches sorrow to conceal  
The utter woe it cannot live and feel.

With gentle care, she loosed the lengthened plaid,  
That bound her baby firmly to her side,  
And casting off a kerchief from her wrist,  
She smiled, tho' sadly, as his brow she kissed.

' You cannot guess, my husband, why I drew  
This knot so tightly! Oh, it was that you  
Might fix the noose upon your arm, and so,  
With me and my sweet babe, united go  
To weal or woe; a common fate to share,  
With thee and it, was ever Emma's prayer.  
I hop'd, too, that the surge might kindly sweep  
Our courses upward from the cold, dark deep,  
And gentle hands afford a grassy grave  
To those who were not sever'd by the wave.  
In Scottish earth, with all I lov'd to lie,  
Seemed not to me a gloomy destiny,  
Since oft I fear'd for my dear babe and thee,  
A darker doom beyond the western sea.  
But God, whose goodness curb'd the raging main,  
May, *will*, protect confiding hearts again.'

Day follows day, and the vessel proceeds on her course, and Norman's madness increases in its wildness and intensity, and he becomes furious in his nature to all, even to her, whose

————— very eye,  
Whose smile before, to him, was ecstasy;

to all, save his child, of whom he becomes possessed with a slavish fear, and whose every whim he obeys. His wife can no longer hide from her heart his altered disposition; but it was some solace

————— to find  
His loss of love to her, was loss of mind.  
It soothed her hopeless sorrow to reflect  
That those who most are lov'd, where reason's wreck'd  
Are hated most, as wintry spoils deface  
The most that spot the richest flowrets grace.

His wife dies. The scene of her departing hour is prophetic of the lot of her loved ones, and is powerfully wrought. With this closes the first part of the poem.

Our author has a fine graphic talent. Witness this description of morning—

A beaming point just tips the doubtful verge,  
Where sea and sky their dubious colors merge,  
And up at one bright leap, in glory springs  
The sun, and o'er the ocean spreads his wings.  
Along the rippling waters, golden light,  
A trembling causeway paves, so pure, so bright,  
A path to Heaven, it seems to fancy's eye,  
Continued upward thro' the yellow sky,  
In clouds like cluster'd gems of every hue,  
To pale the ruby's blush and shame the sapphire's blue.  
The sportive dolphin, like a floating flower,  
Of thousand tints, adorns his waving bower.  
The curving porpoise, on the crested pride  
Of curling billows, takes his liquid ride;  
And silver flying fishes dash away  
Before the breeze, and in the sunbeams play.  
There is a freshness in the breezy air;  
There is a joyous spirit every where.

Norman's child is swept overboard by the “boom” and drowned. Reaching harbor, the bodies are borne to the grave, while the unhappy father, “idiot-like,”

————— Mov'd not as the earth received its trust,  
Nor seemed to hear the awful ‘dust to dust.’

Awakened to the consciousness that they are his wife and child, he refuses to leave the grave, and decks it and watches it day after day, until his comrades miss him, and discover no trace of him, save marks of violence near and upon the freshly-covered mound. Norman returns to the grave once more, however, but re-

turns only to bid adieu to "the sleepers," and then journeys to the "far West." Here he recovers his reason, re-marries, acquires wealth and honors, and attains to the dignity of a magistrate. Among the prisoners brought before him, is one found guilty of the charge preferred against him, but who, by an extraordinary influence over the mind of the judge, not only obtains release from confinement, but, by his rapacious claims for money, the wealth of Norman also. The felon brings a number of his companions into the neighborhood with him to share in his good-fortune, and Norman's neighbors become suspicious of him, as being linked with the ruffians, by their knowledge of some dread truth against him. Fortune gone, honor lost, our hero now sinks into a deep despair, but is sustained and soothed in his darkness by his gentle partner, who by her eloquent entreaties, succeeds in wresting from him his secret of grief—a secret which he *dared* not to entrust her with before their union. It appears, that in seeking for flowers to decorate the burial place of his wife and child, he despoiled a private garden—was pursued to the grave, where blood was shed and he finally taken and conveyed to a prison. Hence the brand of felony was on him, and, after visiting the grave as has already been seen, he journeyed to the West with this bitter memory of a stained reputation gnawing at his heart. This was his secret, and the explanation of the mysterious influence exercised over him by the criminal at the trial. The following gives us another specimen of Dr. Mitchell's descriptive power:

The last faint trace of day had ceas'd to smile  
On lengthen'd Alleghany's waving pile,  
And clouds, so lately bath'd in golden light,  
Were softly silver'd by the queen of night;  
And one by one, in autumn's deep blue sky,  
The stars put forth their brightest blazonry.  
O'er darkened vales the mountain shadows slept,  
Through dying leaves the mournful zephyrs swept;  
The night hawk's scream, the moan of whip-poor-will,  
The cricket's cry, the tree-frog's cadenc'd trill;  
The panther's hungry howl, the wolf's wild bay,  
The screech-owl's requiem o'er departed day,  
Conspire to cast o'er western night a tone,  
To other lands, however wild, unknown.  
The very clearness of the air is drear,  
It seems to bring the awful blue so near;  
And that wild light is just enough to shew  
The wildest shapes of wildest things below—  
We feel as if too near the panther's swoop,  
We pause to hear the Indian's mortal whoop;  
The dead-grass, rustling in the fitful gale,  
Suggests the rattlesnake's envenom'd trail;  
And giant bats, with flick'ring pinions near,  
Seem restless spirits from another sphere.

The following well describes the feelings of a wife:

She did not doubt—but would the world confide?  
Must she its alter'd look of scorn abide,  
And, ah! far worse, behold the blush of shame  
Suffuse her children's cheek, at Norman's name?  
That name, so link'd with love's entrancing dream,  
That name, embalm'd in reason's high esteem,  
That name, round which, in clustering beauty glow,  
The flowers of joy, the balm for every wo.  
There was no bud of promise—fruit of bliss—  
No earthward good—no heavenward happiness—  
Which seem'd a boon to her, if 'twere not also his.  
The cup of pleasure sparkled to the brim,  
When pledg'd in sweet companionship with him;  
And joy seem'd only joy, when Norman's face,  
Illum'd with smiles, inspir'd the unbought grace,  
Which sense and sentiment alone bestow,

To lift the heart from earth, or sky-tint all below.  
Still darker thoughts career'd through Norman's brain,  
Till thought itself became exhausting pain;  
And he, like holy men on Olive's steep,  
Who vainly strove their master's watch to keep,  
In sadness slept—for grief prolong'd will bring,  
When too intense, a feverish slumbering.  
But she, a very woman, could not sleep,  
While none were left o'er him a watch to keep.  
Though sore fatigue from aidless labor press'd  
With treble force, upon her care-worn breast;  
And sleep's oblivious antidote might bring  
Both strength to toll, and balm to suffering,  
The tireless heart of love repuls'd repose,  
And, as the mortal sank, the angel rose.

We fear that we are becoming too minute for the occasion, and that we have already made our article too long. We shall, therefore, hasten to a close, and forbear making those extracts which we otherwise should. While Norman sleeps, his wife is assaulted by a ruffian (one of the felon-band) who is prevented from taking her life and that of her husband, and is killed by a panther. Norman awakes to find "Harden" dead, and his wife with a shattered mind. Her reason, however, soon returns, and, leaving the dangerous neighborhood, they arrive at the house of her father. Here the stain upon his reputation is eventually removed, and although sorrow darkens around him and his heart is grief-worn, his spirit learns to draw its happiness from a better fountain than any of earth, and

He lived to value love, to conquer pride,  
To kiss the rod that smote him—and he died;  
But left, in dying, this impressive truth,  
To guard from Norman's woes the thoughtful youth,  
'That indecision marks its path with tears;  
That want of candor darkens future years;  
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend;  
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend.'

We read this poem hastily, but we believe that we have preserved, above, the thread of the story. We cannot say, that we particularly admire the plot, but we do admire the many beautiful flowers of poetry that cluster and breathe their fragrant influence through it. We have omitted, as we before remarked, passages which well deserve a place here. But we must give the following tribute to maternal affection:—

'My mother!' what a chain of blissful thought  
Is in that home endearing sentence wrought!  
Is there on earth a melody so dear,  
As that sweet sound to gentle childhood's ear?  
My mother soothes my grief, refines my bliss,  
And asks but what I love to give—a kiss.  
Aye, though the truant heart of manhood stray,  
To other charms and other friends away;  
The memory of a mother's love, at last,  
Returns, like bread on Nile's rich waters cast,  
To prove the solace of the stricken heart,  
When sorrows come, and hope's gay dreams depart.  
There's not a *wither'd leaf* that does not yield  
Undying odors, when thro' childhood's field  
Of sunny days and ever blooming sweets,  
To hail a mother's smile the cloudless memory fleets.

And this metaphor:

There, sat enthroned the love that could not die—  
The faith that saw, behind the clouds, the sky,  
Still beautifully blue, still richly dight  
With stars, that borrowed from the soul the light  
They seemed to shed; as gems reflect the ray  
With added lustre, back upon the day.



There are several minor poems in this volume. We have read but a few of them, but there appears to be in them the same pure aspiration of poetry. Indeed, we think them, as compositions, better than the main poem. We give below two or three specimens.

#### THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG.

A new song should be sweetly sung,  
It goes but to the ear ;  
A new song should be sweetly sung,  
For it touches no one near :  
But an old song may be roughly sung ;  
The ear forgets its art,  
As comes upon the rudest tongue,  
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,  
For memory gilds it not ;  
It brings not back the strains that rung  
Through childhood's sunny cot.  
But an old song may be roughly sung,  
It tells of days of glee,  
When the boy to his mother clung,  
Or danc'd on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still ;  
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,  
In forest wild, on rocky hill,  
And away on the prairie-lea :—  
But dearer far the old song,  
When friends we love are nigh,  
And well known voices, clear and strong,  
Unite in the chorus-cry,

Of the old song, the old song,  
The song of the days of glee,  
When the boy to his mother clung,  
Or danc'd on his father's knee !  
Oh, the old song—the old song !  
The song of the days of glee,  
The new song may be better sung,  
But the good old song for me !

#### THE HARP OF JUDAH.

Oh, harp, that once in Judah's hall,  
In sweet inspiring strain,  
Entranc'd the fiery soul of Saul,  
And sooth'd a monarch's pain !

How oft, when all my earthly joys  
Appear but as a dream,  
I welcome thy consoling voice,  
Thy heaven-directing theme !

Though gone the hand that wak'd thee first,  
Though clos'd thy minstrel's eye,  
And they who caught thine early burst  
Of glory are not nigh ;

Of thee no string is broken yet ;  
Thy deep and holy tone  
Can make me earthly cares forget,  
And dream of Heaven alone.

Oh harp, if Judah's shepherd flung  
Such charms around his theme,  
When o'er time's distant scenes he hung,  
In dim prophetic dream ;

What now thy spell, could David's hand  
Awake, once more, thy strains,  
And tell to every thrilling land,  
The Lord Immanuel reigns !

#### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,  
And the best of the world, is its path to the sky.  
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that he gave,  
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the grave !  
'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,  
'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,  
How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,  
If they look'd not from earth to the rapture above !  
But the portals of death open out on the skies,  
And the mortal who enters in ecstasy flies,  
An angel of light, to the throne of the King ;  
While the echoes of Heaven in harmony ring  
With the song of the seraphs, Oh ! “ blessed are they  
Who die in the Lord,” and from earth come away—  
They rest from their labors—the works of their love  
Have followed, and crown them with glory above.

It will thus be seen that our author employs poetry in its divinest office—that of a handmaid to Religion. True genius pours forth its loftiest strains upon sacred subjects—it gathers its sweetest flowers by the banks of “ the river of life.”

We trust that our author may long live, to awaken the echoes of the West with the music of his lyre, to breathe a contribution of true poetry into our national literature, and to twine bright wreaths of laurel around his brow.

#### ADIEU OF MARY STUART.

(FROM BERENGER.)

France, lovely land ! Adieu ! adieu !  
My fondest love is thine for ever !  
From thee my childhood's joys I drew,—  
Alas ! 'tis death from thee to sever.

Land of my choice ! home of my heart !  
Banish'd by cruel fate from thee,  
I hear the deep sigh as I part—  
France, lovely France ! remember me !  
The breeze springs up—we leave the shore—  
The Gods, un pitying all my pain,  
Deny the storm, that might restore  
Me back, in joy, to thee again.  
France, lovely land ! Adieu ! adieu ! &c.

When, with the glittering lilies crowned,  
'Mid crowds I loved, admir'd, I shone ;—  
Less praise the lilies circled found  
Than that my simple spring-time won :  
No charm for me has Scotland's crown—  
Its dreary grandeur lures in vain ;  
I would that France my sway might own,  
Or that I'd ne'er been born to reign.  
France, lovely France ! Adieu ! adieu ! &c.

Love, wit, and glory, shed their beams  
How brightly ! o'er my vernal clime,  
Alas ! the change, to those dull gleams,  
That dimly light rude Scotia's clime.  
What horrid vision do I see !  
Thrilling my inmost soul with fear ;—  
How dire the fate, it tells to me—  
That phantom-scaffold—phantom-bier !  
France, lovely France ! Adieu ! adieu ! &c.

France! ever, when assailed by fears,  
The daughter of a royal stock,  
As now she turns to thee in tears,  
Shall still to thee address her look.  
Heav'ns! the ship already speeds  
Her eager course 'neath other skies,  
And now thy shore in mist recedes,  
Curtain'd by night from my fond eyes!

France, lovely land! Adieu! adieu!  
My fondest love is thine for ever!  
From thee my childhood's joys I drew,—  
Alas! 'tis death from thee to sever.

### PENCILLED PASSAGES;

From "Pericles and Aspasia,"\* chosen for the Southern Literary Messenger, by "P. B."

#### I.

*Politics.*—Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets.

#### II.

Despair is not for good or wise,  
And should not be for love;  
We all must bear our destinies,  
And bend to those above.

#### III.

*Youthful Tears.*—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

#### IV.

*The death of a young man.*—O! he was too beautiful to live! Is there anything that shoots through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam?

#### V.

*Pondered Praise.*—Ah! no studied eulogy does honor to any one. It is always considered, and always ought to be, a piece of special pleading, in which the pleader says every thing the most in favor of his client, in the most graceful and impressive manner he can.

#### VI.

*Over-praise.*—If you toss up the scale too high, it descends again rapidly below its equipoise; what it contains drops out, and people catch at it, scatter it, and lose it.

#### VII.

*An ordinary poet.*—He is among the many poets, who never make us laugh or weep; among the many whom we take into the hand like pretty insects, turn them over, look at them for a moment, and toss them into the grass again. The earth swarms with these; they live their season, and others similar come into life the next.

#### VIII.

There is such a concourse of philosophers, all anxious to show Alcibiades the road to Virtue, that I am afraid they will block it up before him.

\* By Walter Savage Landor, just issued in beautiful style by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

#### IX.

*Sorrow of past love.*—There is a barb beyond the reach of dittany; but years—as they roll by us—benumb, in some degree, our sense of suffering. Season comes after season, and covers, as it were, with soil and herbage, the flints that have cut us so cruelly in our course.

#### X.

We cannot love without imitating; and we are as proud in the loss of our originality as of our freedom.

#### XI.

Never was there a poet to whom the love of praise was not the first and most constant of passions.

#### XII.

With most men, nothing seems to have happened so long ago as an affair of love.

#### XIII.

*Deep love.*—There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

#### XIV.

Doubtless there may be very fine pearls in very uninviting shells; but our philosophers never wade knee-deep into the beds, attracted rather to what is bright externally.

#### XV.

*Mental gymnastics.*—Logic, however unperturbed, is not for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with both simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised, until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.

#### XVI.

As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them—and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant or noxious; so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable—a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.

#### XVII.

Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise.

#### XVIII.

The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping or waking.

#### XIX.

Aspasia says—"Dracontides was very fond of Agapenthe; she, however, was by no means so fond of him, which is always the case when young men would warm us at their fire before ours is kindled."

#### XX.

Three affections of the soul predominate; Love, Religion and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance into their society.



## XXI.

We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's, but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her. Religion and Power, like the Cariatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

## XXII.

*Religion and Love.*—Religion is never too little for us; it satisfies all the desires of the soul. Love is but an atom of it, consuming and consumed by the stubble on which it falls. But when it rests upon the gods, it partakes of their nature, in its essence pure and eternal. Love indeed works great miracles. As in the Ocean that embraces the Earth, whatever is sordid is borne away and disappears in it, so the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.

## XXIII.

*The power of Virtue.*—If any young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his virtue will give him power, and power will consolidate and maintain his virtue. Let him never then squander away the inestimable powers of youth in tangled and trifling disquisitions, with such as perhaps have an interest in perverting or unsettling his opinions, and who speculate into his sleeping thoughts and dandle his nascent passions; but let him start from them with alacrity and walk forth with firmness; let him early take an interest in the business and concerns of men, and let him, as he goes along, look steadfastly at the statues of those who have benefitted his country, and make with himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them.

## XXIV.

There are things beyond the art of Phidias. He may represent Love leaning upon his brow and listening to Philosophy; but not for hours together: he may represent Love, while he is giving her a kiss for her lesson, tying her arms behind her: loosing them again must be upon another marble.

## XXV.

To offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended.

## XXVI.

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.

## XXVII.

*Sculpture, Painting and Poetry.*—Sculpture (said Pexicles,) has made great advances in my time; Painting still greater: for until the last forty years it was inelegant and rude. Sculpture can go no farther; Painting can: she may add scenery and climate to her forms. She may give to Philoctetes not only the wing of the sea-bird, wherewith he cools the throbbing of his wound; not only the bow and the quiver at his feet, but likewise the gloomy rocks, the Vulcanian vaults, and the distant fires of Lemnos, the fierce inhabitants subdued by pity, the remorseless betrayer, and the various emotions of his retiring friends. Her reign is boundless, but the fairer and the richer portions of her dominions lies within the Odyssey. Painting by degrees will perceive her advantages over Sculpture; but

if there are paces between Sculpture and Painting, there are parasangs between Painting and Poetry. The difference is that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and every thing around it and above it.

## XXVIII.

Happy the man, who, when every thought else is dismissed, comes last and alone into the warm and secret foldings of a letter.

## XXIX.

How many, adorned with all the varieties of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice in the very thing which was to determine their course forever! This is among the reasons, and is perhaps the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

## XXX.

We think too much upon *what* the gods have given us, and too little *why*.

We both are young; and yet we have seen several, who loved us, pass away; and we cannot live over again as we lived before. A portion of our lives is consumed by the torch we follow at their funerals. We enter into another state of existence, resembling indeed and partaking of the former, but another! it contains the substance of the same sorrows, the shadow of the same joys. Alas! how true are the words of the old poet:

We lose a life in every friend we lose,  
And every death is painful, but the last.

## XXXI.

Those people who cannot keep their hands from violating the purest works of ancient days, ought, if there are not too many of them, to be confined in separate cages, among the untameable specimens of zoology.

## XXXII.

There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.

## XXXIII.

Philosophy does not always play fair with us. She often eludes us, when she has invited us, and leaves us, when she has led us the farthest way from home. Perhaps it is because we have jumped up from our seats at the first lesson she would give us, and the easiest, and the best. There are few words in the precept,

Give pleasure: receive it:

Avoid giving pain: avoid receiving it.

For the duller scholar, who may find it difficult to learn the whole, she cuts each line in the middle, and tells him kindly that it will serve the purpose, if he will but keep it in his memory.

## XXXIV.

Many things pass across the mind, which are neither to be detained in it, with the intention of insisting on them as truths, nor are to be dismissed from it, as idle and intrusive. Whatever gives exercise to our thoughts, gives them not only activity and strength, but likewise range. We are not obliged to continue on the training ground; nor on the other hand is it expedient to obstruct it or plough it up. The hunter, in quest of one species of game, often finds another, and always finds what is better—freshness and earnestness and animation.

## XXXV.

A good historian will be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at every thing past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience.

## XXXVI.

Old men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer.

## XXXVII.

A slender shrub, the ornament of your private walk, may, with moderate effort, be drawn strait again from any obliquity; but such an attempt, were it practicable, would crack every fibre in the twisted tree that overshadows the forest.

## XXXVIII.

We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence: tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children.

## XXXIX.

*Affectation.*—There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power and a restlessness of pretension; in conversation, from insensibility to the Graces, from an intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.

## XL.

Oblivion throws her light coverlet over the infancy of life; and, soon after we are out of the cradle, we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it; and weariness follows, which ever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look round us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.

## XLI.

It is in the regions of the earth as in the regions of the air, the warm and genial are absorbed by the cold and void, and tempests and storms ensue.

## XLII.

Secresy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust; an honest man will never propose, and a prudent man will never comply with the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile.

## XLIII.

The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any, that lie beyond, are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialectics; they are easier than the efforts of a well regulated imagination in the structure of a poem. These are usually held forth by them as feathers and thistle-down; yet condescend they nevertheless to employ them; numerals as matter and mind; harmony as flute and fiddle-strings to the dances of the stars. In their compositions they adopt the phraseology and curtsy to the cadences of poetry. Look nearer; and what do you see before you? the limbs of Orpheus, bloodless, swollen, broken and palpitating on the cold and misty waters of the Hebrus. Such are the rhapsodical scraps in their visionary lucubrations. They would poison Homer, the purest and soundest of moralists, the most ancient and venerable of philosophers, not out of any ill will to him, but out of love to the human race. There is often an enchantment in their sentences, by which the ear is captivated, and against which the intellectual powers are disinclined to struggle; and there is sometimes, but very rarely, a simplicity of manner, which wins like truth. But when ambition leads them toward the poetical, they fall flat upon thorny ground. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

## XLIV.

Men of powerful minds, although they never give up Philosophy, yet cease by degrees to make their professions in form, and lay ultimately the presents they have received at the feet of History. The deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future: here insurrections and wrecks and conflagrations; here the ascending, there the drooping diadem; the mighty host, the mightier man before it; and, in the serener line on the horizon, the emersion of cities and citadels over far off seas. There are those who know in what quarter to look for them: but it is rarely to their hands the power of promoting the good, or averting the evil is entrusted. Yet, all is not hideous in the past, all is not gloomy in the future. There are communities where the wisest and best are not utterly cast aside, and where the robe of Philosophy is no impediment to the steps of men. Idly do the sages cry out against the poets for mistuning the heart and misgoverning the intellect. Meanwhile they themselves are occupied in selfish vanities on the side of the affections; and, on the side of the understanding, in fruitless, frivolous, indefinite, interminable disquisitions. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If



dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.

XLV.

Philosophy is but dry bread: men will not live upon it, however wholesome: they require the succulent food and exciting cup of Religion. We differ in bodily strength, in compactness of bone, and elasticity of sinew; but we are all subject to the same softness, and nearly to the same distemperature, in the nobler animators of the frame, the brain and blood. Thus it is in creeds: the sage and simple, the ardent enthusiast, and the patient investigator, fall into and embrace with equal pertinacity the most absurd and revolting tenets.

## LINES

### WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Dear Caroline, the boon you ask  
Demands from me no easy task.  
Let others frame the lofty line,  
And round their brows the laurel twine,  
In me the poet's fire is dead,  
Fancy and love, and feeling fled.  
The gush of feeling, and love's thrill  
Wax faint, when gath'ring years distil  
Their poppies on the heart; and mind  
Partakes the doom to man assigned,  
Sinking in gradual, slow decay.  
Time quenches reason's brightest ray,  
And withers fancy's fairest bloom:  
"And who can then that light relume?"  
These are the springs, the living springs,  
Where the muse laves her glitt'ring wings,  
And plumes them for a flight sublime,  
Above the mould'ring things of time.  
The warm line, gushing from the heart,  
Love's impulse can alone impart.  
Touch'd by bright fancy's magic wand,  
Before the enraptured poet stand  
"The forms of things unknown," and shed  
A glorious halo round his head.  
"When passion owns its secret stings,"  
By feeling taught, the poet sings  
In melting strains, the plaints of woe,  
Writhing with sorrow's recent blow;  
In verse of fire, the throes of rage,  
Revenge, despair, those foes that wage  
With human bosoms ceaseless strife,  
And darken all the shades of life.  
In me, alas! those founts are dry;  
From me those fairy visions fly.  
From youth alone you might obtain,  
To grace your book, a fitting strain.  
With fancy, yet undimm'd by years,  
With bosom, yet unscath'd by cares,  
With feelings pure, and free, and strong,  
Youth pours at will the poet's song:  
Who, that recalls that time Elysian,  
When life is all a fairy vision,  
When music breathes in ev'ry sound  
And all is light and fragrance round,

When hope, to our enchanted gaze,  
Its bright and gorg'ous prism displays,  
And mocks the urchin's wand'ring view  
With visions of fantastic hue?  
Who, but would be a child again,  
Nor deem such bright delusions vain?  
Who would not flee from toil and strife—  
The dull realities of life,  
To taste the exulting joys of youth?  
Blest age of innocence and truth!  
'Tis in that season of life's spring,  
That passion first unfolds her wing:  
Then glows the cheek with love's first blush;  
Then throbs the heart with the warm gush  
Of feelings fresh, sincere, and pure;  
Feelings, which time cannot restore  
To manhood's tainted bosom, riv'n  
By passions fierce, and madly driv'n  
To toil and anguish, vice and woe,  
Till pierc'd by death's last welcome blow.  
Yet for our life's declining day,  
To brighten its expiring ray,  
Some calmer pleasures yet remain,  
Some fainter joys their hold retain;  
Wife, children, friends, their ties combine,  
And round our hearts united twine.

D.

## LINES

### WRITTEN FOR AN OLD LADY'S ALBUM.

Where smooth Ohio's waters pour,  
Through fertile vales their limpid wave,  
'Tis said the streams possess the pow'r  
To turn to stone whate'er they lave.  
  
Thus oft as time's strong currents roll,  
The coming ills of life revealing,  
The cold stream petrifies the soul,  
And indurates each softer feeling.  
  
Thus as our cares, our griefs increase,  
And time dissolves each tender tie,  
It kindly bids our sorrows cease,  
Numb'd by the touch of apathy.  
  
But yet the tear that promptly flows,  
Beams lovely on the cheek of youth;  
Shed for its own or others' woes,  
Those dewdrops the throes of anguish soothe.  
  
More beautiful, because so rare,  
The flow'r of feeling loveliest blows  
In age's bosom, lone and drear,  
A gem of beauty on its snows.  
  
What though its frozen surface deck  
No plants, in sunnier climes that grow—  
Though waste and dreary, yet this speck  
Of verdure shows the warmth below.  
  
Like that unwith'ring flow'r whose hues  
On Scotia's snow-clad peaks expand,  
Winter's cold breath its tints renews,  
As when by gales of summer fann'd.

Though all its hopes and joys expire,  
 Oh never may the tide of time  
 In age's bosom quench the fire,  
 That warm'd the heart in youth's first prime!

Still may that heart responsive beat,  
 Till time's last ebbing sands have run,  
 To those emotions soft and sweet,  
 Which thrill'd it when life's course begun.

'Then, when the polar night of years  
 Involves us in its thick'ning gloom,  
 Will mild Religion calm our fears,  
 And sympathy our path illumine.

D.

### THE NEW YORK REVIEW.

The April Number of this work answers well to the expectations which its precursors had excited. At least the usual proportion of its articles may be pronounced decidedly able; and not far inferior to the North-American, which, in our judgment, ranks next to that intellectual leviathan of Reviews, the Edinburgh.

The New York Review has its matter classed under four, great heads: 1. *Reviews*, modernly so called, being in fact copious essays or ample narratives, wound about the books which they profess to criticise, as their nucleus; 2. *Critical notices*—being shorter commentaries upon works too slight, too tame, or too formidable, to be subjects of reviews; 3. *A Quarterly Chronicle*, of Politics and Literature; and 4. *A Quarterly List* of new publications. The *Quarterly Chronicle* is a new feature to us, in such periodicals; and a valuable feature. It sketches, in some fifteen pages, the events and transactions, political, scientific, and literary, of the civilized world, for the last three months: and is one of those comprehensive retrospects, which ought often to be taken by statesmen and philosophers. We are strongly tempted to incorporate such a summary, monthly, into our own work.

The Reviews in this number consist of eleven articles. I. On LITERARY PROPERTY, or the justice and utility of extending the benefits of our Copy-right laws to foreign authors: II. On the life and character of the late Dr. BOWDITCH: III. The CONGRESS OF 1774, being an examination of some historical testimonies touching that body: IV. LONGACRE'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY of distinguished Americans: V. GERMAN POEMS, of Goëthe and Schiller, translated by John S. DWIGHT: VI. SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATIONS: VII. The ABORIGINES OF OHIO, treated of in a recent Discourse of GENERAL HARRISON: VIII. Keith's EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY: IX. Modern French Romance—especially Balzac's novels: X. New translations of the BOOK OF JOB: XI. STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS.

Article III. settles, with apparent clearness, the several priorities of the claims which the anti-Revolutionary colonies have to the honor of having originated a general Congress. It seems put beyond doubt, that PROVIDENCE, R. I., first broke ground on that subject

in 1774. A meeting of her citizens recommended a Congress, on the 17th of May. Philadelphia on the 21st of May. New York, 23d of May. Virginia, 27th of May. Baltimore, 31st of May. Norwich, Conn., 6th of June. And so on.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The past month has given birth to two new periodicals in our fair and growing metropolis; the *Virginia Lyceum* and the *Odd-fellows' Magazine*. The former has superseded the Journal lately published by the Richmond Lyceum, and is designed to promote the same cause to which its predecessor was devoted. Its first appearance, if an index of future usefulness, is highly promising. The editorial matter and contributions are generally written with taste and abound in vigorous thought, and the selections are, some of them, curious and very interesting. The poetry, both original and selected, is decidedly good, and upon the whole the first number furnishes two or three hours of excellent and entertaining reading. We regret that our limits will not permit a particular designation of the articles. The critique on Captain Kidd is laconic, pungent and perfectly just, manifesting a right spirit of independence in the department of criticism. We recommend the work to the public, and especially to the young, who may be stimulated to try their intellectual strength in its pages. The habit of composition is the habit of thought; at least it stirs up, concentrates and invigorates the thinking faculty. The work is published by an association of gentlemen, and is edited by L. R. Streeter.

The *Odd-fellows' Magazine*, by J. C. Walker, editor and proprietor, like its contemporary, the *Lyceum*, is very neatly printed at the press of Mr. P. D. Bernard—and appears to be principally designed to promote the cause of the Order from which it derives its name. Our readers are, perhaps, not generally apprised that the society of Odd-fellows is a secret fraternity like that of the Free Masons, and that their Lodges are multiplying in our own State as well as in other parts of the country. Like Free Masonry, their processions, and we presume their private meetings, are conducted with prescribed ceremonies and an imposing display of the peculiar insignia of the order. Like the Masons, too, they profess to have in view the advancement of the cause of Benevolence and Charity. Friendship, love and truth,—three most excellent things,—constitute we believe the motto of the Odd-fellows,—and the great object of Mr. Walker's periodical, as we understand it, is to strengthen this golden chain and to knit in closer bonds the dispersed members of the fraternity. The Magazine promises also to devote some attention to polite literature, the arts and sciences. There is one article in the April number which we regretted to see,—we allude to that by Carlos, from an unpublished MS. We hope that the remainder of the MS., if like the fragment which has seen the light, will be buried for ever.